Reader's digest

MOST READ
MOST TRUSTED
AUGUST 2015



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*MSRP for 2015 Chrysler 200 LX excludes freight ($1,695), insurance, registration, taxes, dealer and other fees. MSRP for 2015 Chrysler 200C model shown starting at: $28,695. [1]Based on *Ward's* Lower Middle sedan segmentation. [2]Applies only to optional front crash prevention models.

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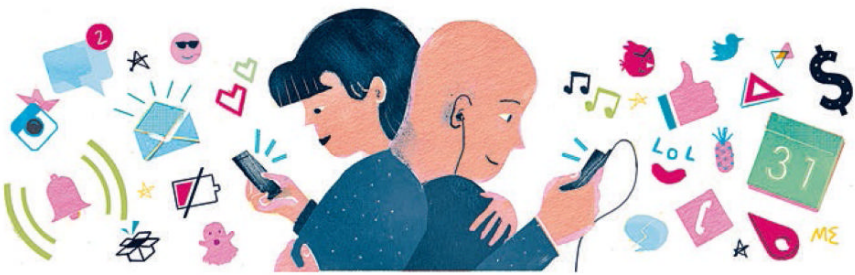
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MIKE ELLIS

Editor's Letter

Caring Communities

IN 1988, MY WIFE and I had a two-year-old boy and dreams of a bigger family. We bought a small house in a Montreal neighbourhood we weren't very familiar with. In fact, we didn't know a soul on the block.

On moving day we discovered an obstacle: the previous owners had left an old refrigerator in the hall, blocking access to the front door. We used the side entrance until I could find help to move the beast. On the second day in our new home, I was on all fours fixing a leak in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I squeezed past the fridge and came face to face with a couple who introduced themselves as our neighbours. The timing wasn't optimal, but I didn't wish to be rude, so I invited them in for a cup of tea. They politely declined. Instead, they invited us to a block party they had organized to introduce us to the community. We were speechless. The following Sunday, our new neighbours—each carrying a dish—gathered to welcome us and enjoy an afternoon in the sun.



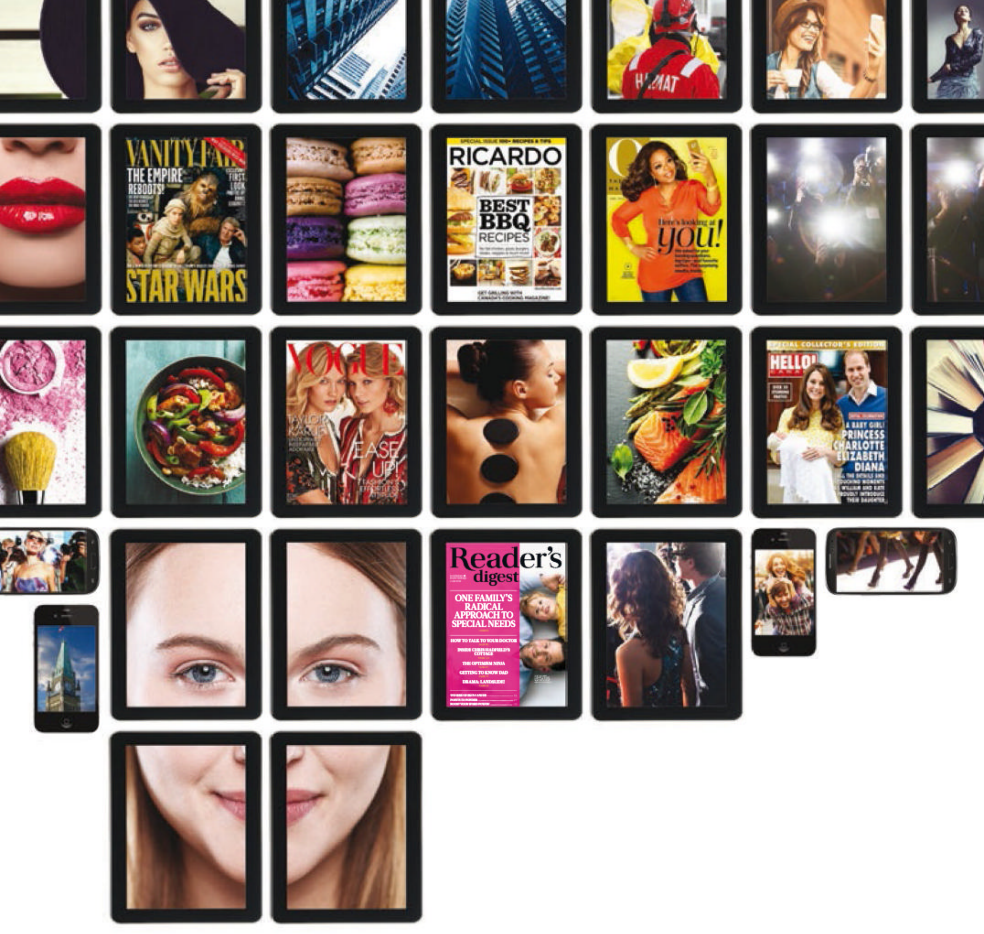
In "Better Together" (page 56), you'll find a collection of stories submitted by our readers about close-knit communities and attentive neighbours. I hope these pieces give rise to your own memories of people going out of their way to be kind. R

Robert Gagnette

Send an email to
robert@rd.ca

ROGER AZIZ

avxhome.se



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What are you passionate about?
What captures your imagination?
What interests you today?

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Contributors



MAUDE CHAUVIN
(Photographer, "Lion Attack!" page 82)

Home base: Montreal. **Previously published in** *Châtelaine* and *Plaisirs de Vivre*. **The two things that struck me most** while working on this story were Lauren's strength and her natural beauty. **When I'm shooting portraits,** I make an effort to let my subject speak through the photos. I challenge myself to capture their essence and their backstory.



LUC RINALDI
(Writer, "The Digital Disconnect," page 29)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *Maclean's* and *The Walrus*. **I used to be a tech skeptic;** I didn't own a cellphone until 2012, which earned me the nickname "Ludz" (short for "Luddite"). **My tech pet peeve is** when people tune out their surroundings—texting instead of talking to the friend beside them, sharing a sunset on Instagram instead of enjoying it in the moment.



LIA GRAINGER
(Writer, "Lion Attack!" page 82)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *The Atlantic* and *The Walrus*. **I was inspired to write this story** after reading about the attack in a number of newspapers. I wanted to hear directly from Lauren and those who saved her life. **I wouldn't risk** getting near a lion. But I don't share Lauren's passion for wild cats. I'd take the chance to get that close to, say, Gay Talese.



MEREDITH SADLER
(Illustrator, "A Promise I Can't Keep," page 70)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *Smithsonian Magazine* and *This Magazine*. **I get excited about illustrating a piece once** I start experimenting with the palette. I like to use bold, unexpected hues. **My biggest take-away from this story was** that starting conversations about social issues can be hard even for activists! But overcoming discomfort is necessary to facilitate change.

HE FIGHTS DIRTY, *no matter how dirty* DIRTY IS.

NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE, TOUGH MESSES DON'T STAND A CHANCE WHEN MR. CLEAN'S MAGIC ERASER IS PART OF YOUR CLEAN ROUTINE.





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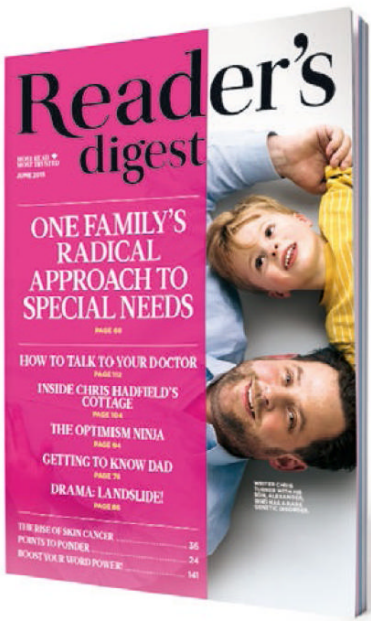


WHEN IT COMES TO CLEAN THERE'S ONLY ONE Mr.

Wet before use. A rinse is required for surfaces that come in direct contact with food. Use as directed.

Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



JUST LIKE US

I laughed until I cried when I read Adam Resnick's "Lord of the Ring" (June 2015). Resnick has described my parents to a T, from the hearing-aid comments to the jokes about how slowly Joyce moves. The best part was the bit about his parents explaining their choice to be cremated. Back when my mom and dad were making their own end-of-life arrangements, my father called me to ask if I wanted to know their "address" at the cemetery. Thanks for the laugh.

KAREN VANPUYMBROECK,
Chatham, Ont.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

I just received the June 2015 edition in the mail the other day and was delighted to see the article "Air Rescue." Pilots N Paws Canada is a wonderful organization that helped our volunteer group, Bouvier Rescuers of Ontario, this past January. Thank

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOAH FALLIS

you so much, Pilots N Paws Canada, Gini Green and all of the other volunteers!

MICHELLE PAQUIN, *Kingston, Ont.*

WATCH YOUR WORDS

I would like to point out what I consider to be a glaring error in the story description for the article titled "The Boy in the Picture" (June 2015). You used the word "notoriety" completely incorrectly. Notoriety means to be famous for bad reasons, and I would not consider this to be the case for this particular child.

KATE WILLIAMS, *Calgary*

Editors' note: Reader's Digest *defaults to the* Canadian Oxford Dictionary *to determine correct word spellings and meanings. In the* Canadian Oxford, *the word "notorious" is defined as: "Well-known, especially unfavourably."*

While the term commonly refers to being known for a negative reason, it doesn't mean being known exclusively for an unfavourable reason.

TIME TO PRIORITIZE

In your article "25 Things You Need to Know About Sleep Right Now" (April 2015), you mention research that establishes a link between a lack of sleep and obesity. In my opinion, that seems like a simple question of logic. I am disappointed that large sums of money were spent to establish that link, when those funds could have been used for more important and innovative health-related research.

CLAUDE QUENNEVILLE, *Laval, Que.*

RENEWED INTEREST

Many years ago, we subscribed to *Reader's Digest* but eventually gave it up. Recently, however, the last two issues were brought into our home by a family member. What a change! We have read them from cover to cover. We love the direction in which the magazine has gone.

FLORENCE GRAHAM, *Alberton, P.E.I.*

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

We want to hear from you! Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader's Digest*? Send your letters to letters@rd.ca. Please include your full name and address.

Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll send you a free one-year subscription. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

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My ideal Sunday morning is spent...



...taking a
motorcycle ride.
SALLY STEWART, LITTLE CURRENT, ONT.

...doing a
jigsaw puzzle.
JANET MARY KNUDSEN, MONTREAL



...doing
photography.
It's relaxing, especially in nature. The beautiful prairies and the wild animals that live there are a gift.
WENDY MEILLEUR-ERLENDSON, SAINTE ROSE DU LAC, MAN.

...doing **nothing.** **MARK BRIAND, HALIFAX**

...sitting in the shade
on a warm day with a cup of tea and my e-reader.
BEATRICE LEAVENS BROWN, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

...dog walking.
Fabulous trails here, with a lovely river and deer to watch.
NANCY IRONSIDE, BRANTFORD, ONT.

...ice fishing in the lakes around Ulukhaktok, N.W.T.
MANOYAK JOANNE OGINA, HOLMAN, N.W.T.

Visit the **Reader's Digest Canada** *Facebook page for your chance to finish the next sentence.*

NOT YOUR SMOOTHUAL SUSPECTS CONTEST

How smoothie savvy are you? So Good's Not Your Smoothual Suspects Contest is your chance to test your smoothie smarts.

Each week we'll show you a picture of a healthy smoothie that will leave you feeling fresh and full of energy. These smoothies go beyond the expected—the surprising blends of a delicious **So Good** soy beverage, fruits, veggies, herbs, and spices will leave you all mixed up! Guess the correct mystery ingredients and enter for a chance to win the weekly prize from KitchenAid. You'll also be entered for a **chance to win a trip courtesy of Club Med!**



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Contest closes on August 9, 2015 at 23:59:59 (EDT). For complete rules, go to besthealthmag.ca/contests/so-good or facebook.com/besthealth The Reader's Digest Association (Canada) ULC, c/o Prize Award Administrator's Office, 1125 Stanley Street, Montreal, Quebec H3B 5H5. Prizes may not be exactly as shown. *Approximate prize value.

Contractor Dave Bonk helps homeowners with mobility issues get around

Hammer Time

BY KATHERINE LAIDLAW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE SORIANO

FIVE YEARS AGO, Ramon Ramirez woke up and couldn't turn to look at his wife, Noemi. Overnight, his left side had frozen from neck to toes, the result of a Parkinson's-like illness called corticobasal degeneration. The 52-year-old, who had once enjoyed heaping plates of meat and rice for dinner and lazy weekend afternoons drinking coffee, saw his condition progressively deteriorate: within six months, the paralysis had spread to his right side, and his neck drooped until his head came to rest on his shoulder. By 2013, he was being fed from a tube, unable to swallow or move anything other than his eyes and mouth.

Ramon was using a wheelchair, but the couple couldn't afford the changes necessary to make their Calgary home accessible. So Noemi carried her husband around the house on her five-foot-two frame, at times tying a rope around his chest and pulling him step-by-step down the stairs and out the door for doctor's appointments. As Noemi's caregiving responsibilities grew—she didn't want Ramon moved to a facility—she put in fewer hours at her nursing job and struggled to earn enough to cover medical costs. "We didn't know where to turn," she says. That's when her husband's speech pathologist, Lora Baker, told them about



Hearts and Hammers founder Dave Bonk wants to make it easier for people with mobility challenges to stay in their own homes.

Hearts and Hammers, a new charity that was renovating homes for people with mobility issues. Baker had nominated Ramon and Noemi, and they'd been chosen.

Dave Bonk, a Calgary contractor and real estate investor, founded Hearts and Hammers in 2012. When he was 15, Bonk began working for a flooring company. A few years later, he started his own flooring business; at 26, he was investing in real estate full-time. But despite those successes, by the time he hit 30, Bonk was looking for something more fulfilling than flipping houses.

He'd noticed that some of the foreclosed homes his company was buying were in abysmal shape. "I thought, in a city as affluent as Calgary, why are people living in these conditions?" says Bonk. He started out by calling a plumber, a painter and a lawyer he knew and soon assembled a board, then solicited recommendations for candidates they could help. The nominees needed to meet three criteria: be homeowners, face economic hardship and suffer from mobility challenges. Hearts and Hammers set out to tackle one project a year.

The group takes suggestions via its website and word of mouth; this year, nine families were nominated. To execute the projects, which can cost up to $70,000, Hearts and Hammers relies on volunteers to donate money, materials or sweat equity. Local contractors help out with drywalling and other tasks, and fundraising events collect cash for specialized work such as mobility lifts. At the Ramirez home, Hearts and Hammers renovated the bathroom and installed an outdoor ramp, an automatic front door, a wheelchair lift and a ceiling lift in Ramon's second-floor bedroom. "Now we can easily go outside and get fresh air," Noemi says. "Bringing Ramon to the doctor, I no longer think, How the hell am I going to do it?"

Come September, Hearts and Hammers plans to install a lift and a ramp, as well as renovate the bathroom, in the home of a 71-year-old woman who sleeps in a chair on her main floor because a back injury makes it difficult to access the upstairs bedroom. They'll also outfit the home of a single mom whose three-year-old son suffers from Pallister-Killian syndrome, which causes developmental delays and weak muscle tone.

For the Ramirez family, the newly completed renovation has allowed Noemi and Ramon to live comfortably—together. "I had told myself, no matter how I do it, I'll keep my husband at home." Noemi says. "I thought we were alone, but then Hearts and Hammers appeared. Our life is totally different than it was before." R

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Value Village

Good n' Thrifty!

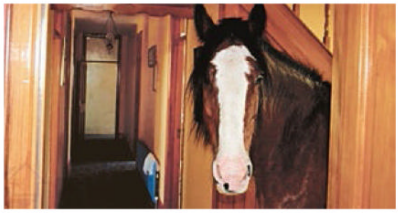
@ Work

REAL(TOR) FUNNY

Real estate agents are convinced a photo is worth a thousand words. These photos are worth one word: *Huh?*



Ensure every day is a good day by making it impossible to get up on the wrong side of the bed.



This is a photograph of what I can only describe as a domestic horse.



Something here suggests a certain lack of confidence in that stove.

ANDY DONALDSON/COURTESY OF TERRIBLE ESTATE AGENT

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

My boss was watching a video of his son. I heard a voice in the background and asked if it was Elmo. It was his wife.

fmylife.com

BARS THAT PHILOSOPHY PROFS OPENED AFTER BEING DENIED TENURE:

- Beer and Trembling
- Gin and Platonic
- Martini Heidegger
- Bellini and Nothingness
- Jean-Jacques & Coke
- Vodka on the Lockes

McSweeney's Internet Tendency

LITTLE TOO LITERAL

A student seeking a job at our university was handed an application. He dutifully filled out his name and address. When it came to the entry "Length of residence," he wrote, "Approximately 30 feet."

FRED KARN, via email

Need some professional motivation? A work anecdote could get you a free year's subscription. See rd.ca/joke for details.



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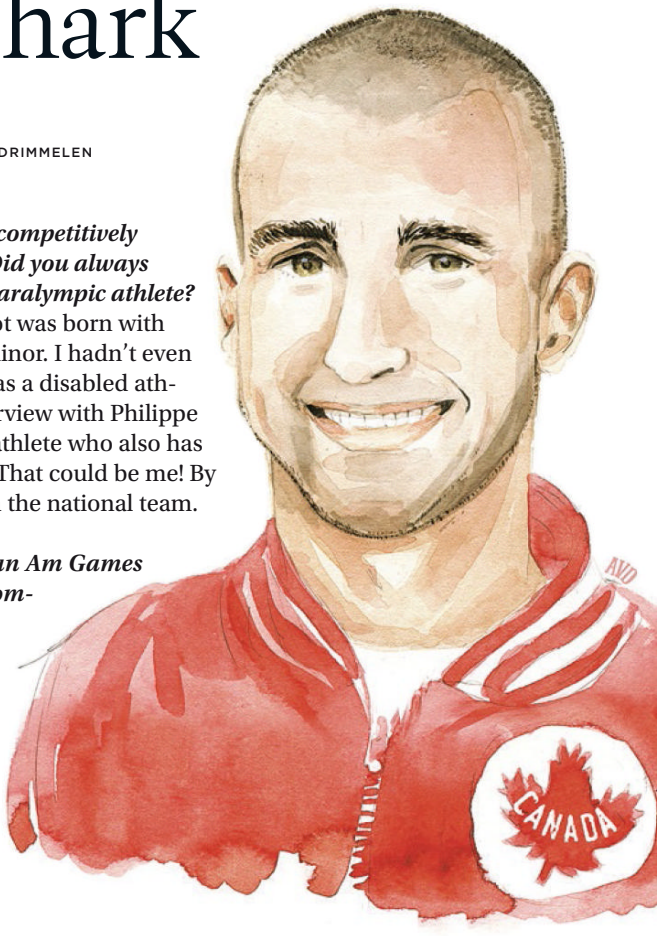
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World-champion swimmer Benoît Huot on tight bathing suits, memorable victories and taking the Paralympic athletic movement to the next level

Pool Shark

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN



You started swimming competitively in elementary school. Did you always dream of becoming a Paralympic athlete?
Well, my disability [Huot was born with club feet] is relatively minor. I hadn't even considered competing as a disabled athlete. Then I saw an interview with Philippe Gagnon, a Paralympic athlete who also has club feet, and thought, That could be me! By the next spring I was on the national team.

At this month's Parapan Am Games in Toronto, you'll be competing in three events, including the 200-metre individual medley, for which you hold the record. I assume the pressure is on?
Well, yes and no. At the London Paralympics in 2012,

I felt I hadn't achieved everything expected of me at the Beijing Games four years earlier, so I needed to get back on that podium. The Toronto Games are more about celebrating the para-athletic movement.

You recently wrote an op-ed in the* Montreal Gazette *about how Paralympic sports don't get the same recognition as regular sports.
My goal is to shake people up a bit and to get them paying attention.

Right now the Parapan Am Games take place two weeks after the Pan Am Games. I gather you think it should be the other way around?
Imagine you've got this promising, up-and-coming band and you're going to put them on the same stage as U2. Would you put that up-and-coming artist before or after Bono?

Do you observe any superstitions when you're competing?
I do like to have a brand-new suit before competition. When you swim with an old suit, it's not as efficient. It's really technical, but it makes a difference.

How strict is your training regimen, and what are you excited to do when it's over?
The nutrition is very strict. We want to be lean and strong and powerful.

And you do have to appear on television in a very small swimsuit.
After the Games are over, I'm looking forward to chocolate.

Hudson's Bay recently unveiled Team Canada's Pan Am and Parapan Am uniforms, which are a return to a more classic aesthetic. What do you think?
I love it! The logos are well done and the way that Canada is written is nice. I'm pretty sure I'll wear it after the Games are over, which is not always the case.

Do you have a least favourite look from the past?
Beijing wasn't my favourite. Look at the photos from the opening ceremonies. They were baaaad.

Well, no wonder the Games didn't go well. Blame the gear!
I know! I guess that means we should do well this summer.

You are sometimes referred to as "The Shark." Where did that nickname come from?
In 2012 the Canadian Paralympic Committee created superheroes [based on] their athletes. I was The Shark because sharks are dangerous water creatures. It's funny because that is so not my personality. My competitors don't have to be aware of that, though. R



A letter to Sophie, who's learning to drive

Car Trouble

BY DAVE BARRY

FROM *LIVE RIGHT AND FIND HAPPINESS (ALTHOUGH BEER IS MUCH FASTER)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK DYLAN

DEAR SOPHIE,

So you're about to start driving! How exciting! I'm going to kill myself.

Sorry. I'm flashing back to when your big brother, Rob, started driving. When he turned 16 and got his driver's licence, he had a marked tendency to—there is no diplomatic way to put this—drive into things.

This was never his fault. I know this because whenever he drove the car into something, he would call me, and the conversation would go like this:

Me: Hello?

Rob: Dad, it wasn't my fault.

My point, Sophie, is that just because the State of Florida thinks you can drive a car doesn't mean you actually can drive a car. As far as I can tell after three decades on the roads of Florida, there isn't anybody the Department of Motor Vehicles doesn't think can drive a car. I cannot imagine what you would have to do to fail the driving test here.

DMV officer: Okay, make a left turn here.

Test taker: Whoops.

DMV officer: *[Writes something on clipboard.]*

Test taker: Does that mean I failed the test?

DMV officer: Nah, she's getting back up. You just clipped her.

SO, TO SUMMARIZE, Sophie: many people who lack the judgment and/or physical skills needed to safely microwave a burrito are deemed qualified by this state to operate a motor vehicle. When you get out on the road, you will be surrounded by terrible drivers. And guess what? You will be one of them.

Yes, Sophie, you will be a bad driver, and not because you're careless or irresponsible but because you're a teenager. It is a physiological fact that, at your stage of brain development, you are—to use the term preferred by researchers in the field of neurological science—"stupid."

But Dad, you're thinking, didn't you drive when you were a teenager?

Yes, I did. I got my New York State driver's licence in 1963, at age 16, and I spent many hours cruising on the highways and byways—and occasionally the lawns—in and around Armonk, N.Y. But that was different, Sophie, because I drove safely. I don't mean "safely" in the sense of "carefully." I was definitely your standard male teenage idiot. But I was a safe idiot because I was driving the safest vehicle ever built: my mom's 1961 Plymouth Valiant station wagon. It did not have modern safety features such as seat belts, airbags, anti-lock brakes or a computerized collision-avoidance system. What the Valiant had was inertia. I would stomp violently down on the accelerator, and basically nothing would happen for several lunar cycles because the Valiant was no more capable of acceleration than a fire hydrant. This was the only car ever manufactured that travelled faster on the assembly line than under its own power.

> ***I drove the safest vehicle ever built. The Plymouth Valiant was no more capable of acceleration than a fire hydrant.***

You could not hit anything in a Valiant. Fully mature trees moved quickly enough to get out of its way. If I were in charge, today's teenagers would be permitted to drive only if they drove Plymouth Valiant station wagons.

Unfortunately, Sophie, I am not in charge, which means you're going to be driving on roads teeming with modern high-speed automobiles operated by incompetent idiots such as (no offence) yourself. To prove you're qualified to do this, the State of Florida will make you take a test based on the information found in the official *Florida Driver's Handbook*.

But there's a big difference between how the *Florida Driver's Handbook* says you should drive

and how actual humans drive. So I've prepared this reality-based Florida driver's Q&A:

Q: If I arrive at an intersection at the same time as another motorist, who goes first?

A: You do.

Q: But what if…?

A: There is no "what if." You go first.

Q: Florida law strictly prohibits texting while driving. Does this law apply to me?

A: Ha ha! Of course not.

Q: If I stop at a red light, how will I know when it turns green?

A: You will hear honking behind you. This is your cue to start wrapping up your current text—unless, of course, it is important.

Q: When I come to a stop sign, do I need to stop?

A: You personally?

Q: Yes.

A: No.

Q: How is the turn signal used in Florida?

A: It is used to indicate to other motorists that you do not realize your turn signal is blinking.

Q: My car's engine seems to have stopped and I hear a "burbling" noise. What could be causing this?

A: Are you a senior citizen?

Q: Yes.

A: You have driven into a swimming pool.

Q: I've had a few drinks. How can I tell if I should drive?

A: Take this simple test: are you wearing your underpants on your head?

Q: Not my underpants, no.

A: Then you are good to go.

I DIDN'T WRITE this letter to make you nervous about driving. I wrote it to make you terrified about driving. Because I love you, and I will do everything I can to make sure you're really ready to drive. I'm going to keep coaching you until the day you finally get your licence and are allowed to drive alone. Even when you finally drive away, solo at last, you're going to feel as if I'm still right there next to you, guiding you.

In fact, I will be right there next to you, walking at a leisurely pace alongside your car.

Your 1961 Valiant. R



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Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

Depression and anxiety are the worst-kept secrets in professional sports.

Hockey player **HAYLEY WICKENHEISER,** in an op-ed for *The Players' Tribune*

I heard that by 2080 we may have a problem. Well, why don't we leave it to Prime Minister Stephen Harper's granddaughter to solve that problem?

Finance Minister **JOE OLIVER** in response to criticism that TFSA limit increases could create tax leakage problems over time

One of the wonderful things is that most Canadians understand that we need immigration. We will argue about who the immigrant is and how they should come… and whether they cover their hair. But we don't, as a country, argue about the fact that we need immigration. And we don't have any political party that is explicitly against more immigration. That is very unusual.



Immigration and diversity activist **RATNA OMIDVAR,** in *The Globe and Mail*



Being black is fantastic. It doesn't give me superpowers. So if you're expecting that, all of a sudden, the earth will open up and miracles will happen, that's not going to happen.

MARK SAUNDERS, ***Toronto's new police chief,*** at a press conference announcing his new position

PHOTOS: (OMIDVAR) © MAYTREE FOUNDATION; (SAUNDERS) COURTESY OF MARK SAUNDERS, QUOTES: (WICKENHEISER) APRIL 23, 2015; (OLIVER) CBC NEWS (APRIL 22, 2015); (OMIDVAR) APRIL 17, 2015; (SAUNDERS) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (APRIL 20, 2015).

When we started out, we didn't go into heavy analysis. We just knew that we shared a philosophy that children could enjoy the full range of music and that they were entitled to the best culturally, just as we think they're entitled to the best food, the best care and the best education.

The late* LOIS LILIENSTEIN, *of Sharon, Lois & Bram,
in a 1998 interview in *The Globe and Mail*



It's not like walking down the street, people would point at me and know that I'm Canadian. But I love knowing that that's my DNA. I apologize profusely... I will never demand food in a restaurant. I will gently circle around the possibility that, for my money, they might serve me some.

***Comedy writer and director of the documentary* Being Canadian**
ROBERT COHEN, on CTV News

Through food, you can make people happy. You can make them nostalgic. You can change their mood. You're transferring knowledge and passion and memories to your family, neighbours, friends. When you prepare a meal for your family, as soon as they step in the house, it smells good. It says people care for you, will protect you.



Celebrity chef
RICARDO LARRIVÉE, in *The Vancouver Sun*

I want to do today what Dante did in his time. His underworld had its own rules, geography and politics. I want to revisit Dante in a way that's moving.

***Novelist* ANDREW PYPER, *author of* The Demonologist *and* The Damned,**
in *Now* magazine

Even playing hockey, I never could back down from a fight, never could back down from the bully, never could back down from somebody who was trying to push somebody else around. Maybe it came from being that little guy who got the smack in the face a long time ago, and nobody came to help him out.

DANNY WILLIAMS, *former premier of Newfoundland and Labrador,* in *Maclean's*

I never actively thought, I think I could do what my mom does. I just never thought I couldn't.

***Author* EMILY URQUHART**
on following in novelist mom Jane Urquhart's footsteps, in *The Globe and Mail*

PHOTOS: (LILIENSTEIN) COURTESY OF LOIS LILIENSTEIN; (LARRIVÉE) © 2015 RICARDO MEDIA INC. QUOTES: (LILIENSTEIN) APRIL 28, 2015; (COHEN) APRIL 23, 2015; (LARRIVÉE) OCT. 8, 2014; (PYPER) APRIL 1, 2015; (WILLIAMS) NOV. 9, 2014; (URQUHART) APRIL 12, 2015.

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How to keep technology from being a third partner in your relationship

The Digital Disconnect

BY LUC RINALDI

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE ELLIS

"I'M LISTENING." How often do we hear that line from significant others as they tap on their phones, heads down, in the middle of a conversation? Texts, tweets and calls may keep couples connected across oceans, but in face-to-face situations, smartphones and laptops seem only to get in the way. Technology can become an attention-grabbing third

wheel in a relationship, one that can result in at least one member of a couple feeling neglected or upset.

"Issues related to technology often highlight larger problems within the relationship," such as jealousy, insecurity and poor communication, "regardless of which came first," says Rachel Needle, a psychologist with the Center for Marital and Sexual Health of South Florida. A lack of trust may lead one party to read a sweetheart's emails, while tuned-out partners can mask disinterest by fixating on their phones.

But, as Needle explains, technology doesn't have to be a wedge issue for a couple—it can also help bring two people together, even when they're in the same room.

> *"Tech-related issues can highlight larger problems within the relationship, such as jealousy and insecurity.*

Establish unplugged zones

If there's tech within reach, you're bound to use it. Cheryl Fraser, a psychologist and sex therapist in Duncan, B.C., recommends removing the temptation altogether by setting tech-free zones in your home. Reserve the dinner table for eating and the bedroom for sleeping and making love—after interviewing more than 500 Italian couples in the mid-2000s, a team of researchers found that partners without a television in their bedrooms had sex twice as often as those with a TV.

Turn phones off—don't just set them on silent—in these areas of the house or, better yet, leave them elsewhere. "Psychologically, if it vibrates, it's going to pull your attention whether or not you go check," Fraser says. "If you're multi-tasking when you're talking to your sweetheart, you're not doing your role well." If your job or circumstances require you to be connected, tinker with the settings on your phone to ensure that you're notified of calls only from certain numbers.

Share tech time

Outside of the bedroom, it's not always a bad idea to use technology while your partner is around. Couples who watch TV together or use their smartphones at the same time—to play interactive games, for example—tend to have more positive thoughts about their relationships, according to a 2014 *International Journal of Neuropsychotherapy* study. Like other shared activities, the paper says, using tech together can give both parties a greater sense of attachment, safety and control.

Working on a laptop while your partner doesn't, meanwhile, has the opposite effect. A Pew Research Center survey found that a quarter of coupled Americans reported frustration with a cellphone-distracted partner, and nearly one in 10 argued about spending too much time online. Excessive Facebook use is the real killer; according to 2013 research from the University of Missouri, it can be a significant predictor of negative relationship outcomes (such as cheating, breakups and divorce).

Communicate—but not too much

The most satisfied romantic pairs tend to communicate using a total of four or five mediums, regardless of what they are, according to an analysis of 11,400 couples by Canadian research fellow Bernie Hogan of the Oxford Internet Institute. He says communicating in more than five ways—including in-person conversation, talking on the phone, texting and other media—can hint at a lack of boundaries in a relationship. With digital media in particular, it can be exhausting to decipher messages that lack visual and physical cues as to how someone is feeling.

> ***"Using technology together can give both parties a greater sense of attachment, safety and control."***

"With every new medium is a new opportunity to misunderstand the other person and project negative emotions," says Hogan. "People are stretching themselves too thin trying to understand the other person in too many different contexts where they don't have a full picture." To avoid falling into this trap, recognize which medium is appropriate for the situation: text your lover to tell them to pick up milk, but save emotionally charged chats for when you see each other face to face.

Be transparent

You don't need to share the passwords to your computer, phone and social media accounts or follow your beloved on every online platform, but being especially secretive about log-in info or refusing to friend your spouse on Facebook can make it seem like you're hiding something. Demanding a partner's password without a good reason can be similarly unsettling. Fraser says the key isn't a hard-and-fast rule but transparency about your behaviour. "I would look at what your motivation is to keep things private," she says. "There's a big difference between privacy and secrecy." R

Lifestyle tweaks to fight fatigue

Energy Crisis

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

ARE YOU TIRED all the time? If yes, yours is a common complaint (though not a formal diagnosis). Part of the difficulty in overcoming chronic fatigue is that many things can cause it, from alcohol to anxiety, overcaffeination to medication.

Sometimes this exhaustion points to an underlying medical problem. Your doctor can narrow the list of possible culprits by asking about other symptoms and ordering blood work to check for anemia, hypothyroidism, diabetes and so on.

If you've already ruled out illnesses and conditions, the trouble likely lies in your lifestyle. Putting a spring back in your step could be a simple matter of tweaking daily habits: getting outside more often, for example, drinking more water or meeting the recommended target of seven to nine hours of sleep every night.

Even if you are getting enough shut-eye, your schedule might be the problem. "Let's say you lean naturally toward going to bed late, past 1 a.m., for instance," says Till Roenneberg, a chronobiologist at Ludwig-Maximilians University in Munich. "If that's the case, social norms [such as office hours that begin at 9 a.m.] will conflict with your biological clock," which controls metabolism, physiology, behaviour and cognition.



In a perfect world, sufferers of what Roenneberg dubs "social jet lag" would be able to adjust their personal and professional lives to match their bodies. But if your timetable is inflexible, try pushing your

MASTERFILE

You Asked, We Answered

In a recent survey, Canadians asked us questions about cardiovascular health. Maria Nenadovich, pharmacist at a Shoppers Drug Mart in Toronto, Ontario, has the answers.



How can high blood pressure be reduced?

—KATHY, FROM ONTARIO

High blood pressure is a resting blood pressure that's above 140/90 mmHg. Once diagnosed, the optimal way to manage your high blood pressure is to continue to take your medication as prescribed. Additional actions you can take include:

- Exercise regularly.
- Maintain a healthy body weight.
- Reduce stress with things like yoga or mindful meditation.
- Reduce sodium in your diet. The general maximum is 2,300 mg per day. To lower your blood pressure, reduce your sodium intake to 2,000 mg per day.

Can heart disease be passed down from family?

—AMELIA, FROM ALBERTA

Family history of cardiovascular disease is considered a *non-modifiable risk factor*, like age, gender, and history of heart issues—things that you can't do anything about. It's important to discuss your family history with your doctor to help you understand your risk. This can also help identify the factors that you can change, like quitting smoking.

What steps should you take for heart health?

—ANTHONY, FROM ONTARIO

There are a number of steps we should all take to maintain heart health: healthy eating, physical activity, quitting smoking, controlling cholesterol, managing high blood pressure, controlling blood sugar, and maintaining a healthy weight. We have to start early and we have to be aware. Talk with your pharmacist and doctor about the steps you can take to improve your heart health.

What are the earliest signs of heart disease?

—LEONARD, FROM ONTARIO

Most signs of early heart disease are silent and are diagnosed in a doctor's office. However, cardiovascular disease has serious consequences that include heart attack and stroke. For example, stroke can result in permanent brain damage, being unable to speak, hospitalization, and death. Work with your pharmacist and doctor to monitor your blood pressure and heart medication.

How can I prevent a heart attack?

—ALBERT, FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

Prevention of heart attack and stroke requires early recognition and management of *modifiable risk factors*. These are risk factors over which we have some control—poor diet, obesity, smoking, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, and management of other medical conditions including diabetes.

Taking your heart medication exactly as prescribed is also crucial to managing your heart health. If you have any questions or concerns about side effects, speak to your pharmacist. Your pharmacist will also provide tips on managing your medications and tools to support your heart health.

Have another question? Ask your pharmacist about your medications and how you can take action for a healthier heart. Find a pharmacist near you at **shoppersdrugmart.ca**

SHOPPERS DRUG MART

sleep cycle forward by absorbing lots of bright light in the morning and keeping to dim environments in the evening.

Another well-known contributor to persistent fatigue is carrying extra pounds—obese people traditionally report higher rates of tiredness. Though the root cause isn't quite clear, this lethargy is frequently attributed to sleep apnea, metabolic issues and psychological distress. Achieving a healthy weight will help boost energy levels, but be careful to pace your efforts: overexercising and crash dieting are surefire ways to deplete your batteries even further. R

0.9
kilograms

The maximum amount of weight you should lose in a week, in most cases. A greater caloric deficit than this can lead to severe fatigue and other health problems.

News From the World of Medicine



Eggs Could Help Prevent Type 2 Diabetes

According to new research from the University of Eastern Finland, moderate egg consumption (approximately four a week) may reduce the risk of a common condition around the world: Type 2 diabetes. Although eggs are high in cholesterol, they also contain nutrients that can improve sugar metabolism and reduce inflammation. And in Finland—as opposed to the United States, where previous studies took place—eggs aren't paired as often with processed meats, which are associated with a higher risk of Type 2 diabetes.

Trust Grows With Age, Promotes Happiness

A research paper published in *Social Psychological and Personality Science* suggests that, as people get older, they are better able to forgive minor disappointments and see the

ADAM VOORHES; (PROP STYLIST) ROBIN FINLAY



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good in others. The researchers analyzed a sample of nearly 200,000 subjects from 83 countries and found an association between aging and increased trust that held firm regardless of the person's generation. Although being trusting makes you easier prey for scammers, it remains good for your overall sense of well-being, they concluded.

Risk of Exercise-Related Cardiac Arrest Minimal

Although they make the headlines, heart attacks during sports are quite rare, according to a study from Cedars-Sinai Heart Institute in California. Only five per cent of sudden cardiac arrests were associated with sports in the most affected age group, the 35 to 65 set. And these victims had a better chance of surviving than counterparts who suffered the same kind of heart incident in non-athletic situations. The study authors concluded that their findings reinforced "the high-benefit/low-risk nature of sports activity" in the older population.

Popular Weed Killer Likely a Carcinogen

Glyphosate, the active ingredient in Roundup, the world's most commonly used herbicide, "probably" causes cancer, the World Health Organization's International Agency for Research on Cancer has declared. Scientists spent nearly a year reviewing studies linking non-Hodgkin's lymphoma to glyphosate. The WHO has yet to weigh in on how much exposure is required to raise one's risk—most people are exposed only to low levels. According to Health Canada, the doses that affected animals were more than 100 times higher than what a human would be exposed to when using glyphosate "according to label directions." R



TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

High-density lipoprotein is...

A. A muscle-building nutrient

B. "Good" cholesterol that reduces the risk of heart disease

C. A resilient cancer cell

D. A molecule that makes hair shiny and healthy

Answer: B. High-density lipoprotein (HDL) is the name for "good" cholesterol that picks up excess "bad" cholesterol in the blood and takes it to the liver, where it's broken down. HDL can be measured with a blood test. If it's too low, exercise, quitting smoking and choosing healthy fats are good ways to raise it.



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Charting the rise of arthritis in Canada

Stiff Odds

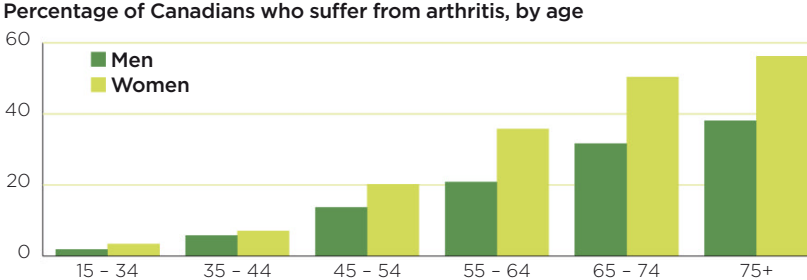
BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

SOME HEALTH problems are specific to our time. Our polluted environment can cause acute respiratory diseases, for example, and our rich diets and sedentary lifestyles may lead to metabolic syndrome. Other illnesses, however, have been around for millennia. Take the painful joint swelling and stiffness known as arthritis: more than 2,000 years ago, a treatise attributed to the Greek doctor Hippocrates observed how it could pass "from the feet to the hands, next the elbows and knees, after these the hip joint. It is incredible how fast the mischief spreads!"

BREAKDOWN: WHO HAS ARTHRITIS?

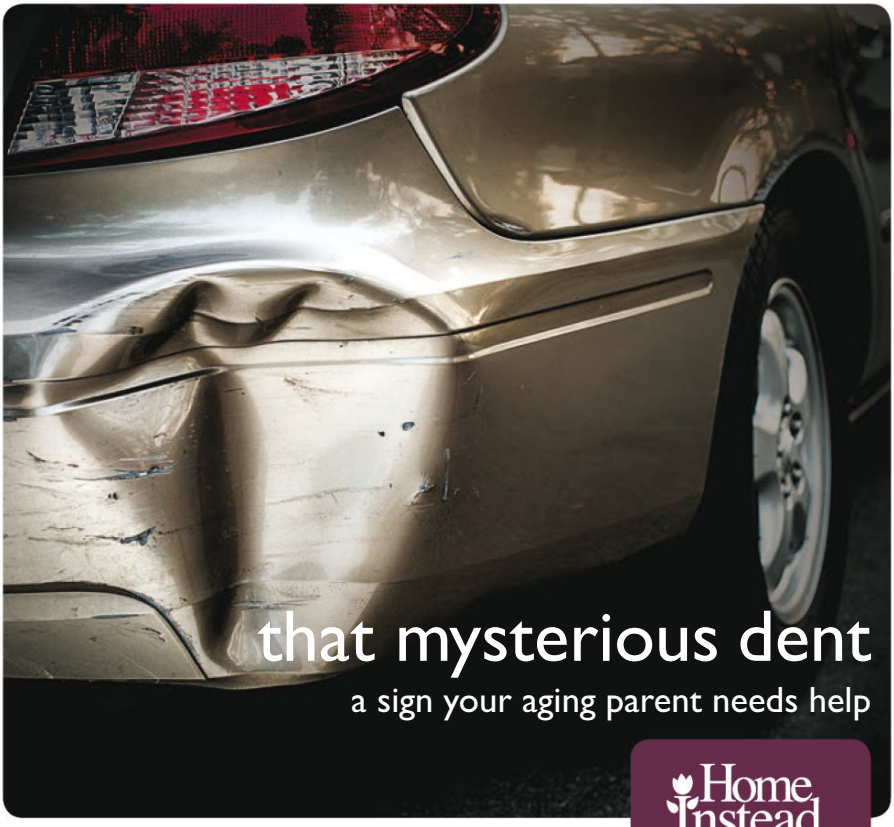
Roughly one in six adults report having arthritis. The number of sufferers will increase with the aging of the population, from around 4.6 million right now to an estimated 7.5 million in 2036.

Percentage of Canadians who suffer from arthritis, by age



Source: Canadian Community Health Survey, Statistics Canada

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that mysterious dent

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That's an apt description of rheumatoid arthritis (RA), in which the immune system mistakenly attacks the body's own tissue, usually starting with smaller joints like fingers and toes and progressing to the elbows, knees and shoulders. RA differs from osteoarthritis (OA), a degenerative condition that takes hold when the protective cartilage that caps the bones wears down over time.

Today, arthritis is Canada's leading cause of physical disability. One quarter of sufferers need help with daily activities such as preparing meals and doing housework. About one third of people with arthritis say their condition has compelled them to stop working, at least temporarily. And more than 30 per cent of employees with the condition worry about their continued ability to handle responsibilities.

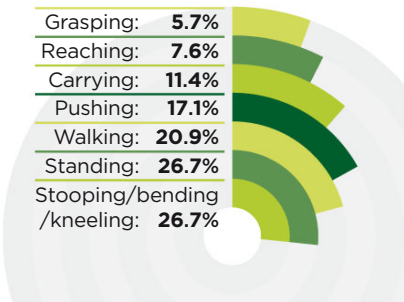
Still, the disease isn't always taken seriously. In a 2012 poll by the Canadian Arthritis Society, more than a quarter of Canadians said that if they had joint pain, they "would not view it as a health priority." Because arthritis often lacks dramatic external signs, other people may not recognize the pain it causes.

Age is a risk factor for arthritis, but the condition doesn't affect only seniors: more than half of patients are under 65. Smoking has been linked to a higher risk of RA, for reasons that aren't entirely understood. And obesity increases a person's chances of developing OA, particularly in the knee, which bears much of the excess load. "We're now starting to realize that extra weight may cause more inflammation in the body, too," says Karen Gordon, an Ottawa-based physiotherapist who works for the Arthritis Society.

Even if you do everything right, arthritis can't always be prevented. For those who develop the condition, treatments include low-impact exercise, physiotherapy, weight management, pain medication and, in extreme cases, surgery. There may still be no cure for this millennia-old problem, but it's possible to mitigate its impact. R

COMMON LIMITATIONS

In addition to experiencing joint stiffness, some arthritis sufferers become unable to do the following functional activities:



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The classic Prius liftback delivers more hybrid-powered comfort, convenience and style than ever before. The compact Prius c – Toyota's most affordable hybrid designed for city driving – has a sporty new look to complement its super-high fuel economy. And the versatile Prius v – with class-leading interior space – has been restyled at the front and back, complete with striking new colours.



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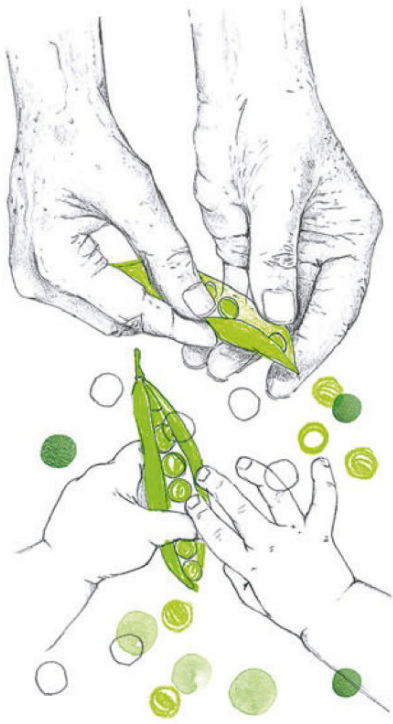
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TOYOTA



A can't-miss babysitting guide for grandparents

Grand Plans

BY ANDRE MAYER

ILLUSTRATION BY COURTNEY WOTHERSPOON

THE FIRST TWO DECADES of parenthood are both tough and rewarding. By doing everything from toilet training to hosting birthday parties to puzzling through math problems, you learn to be a drill sergeant, social convenor and crisis manager.

But once your kids grow up and move out, you might not have much use for those traits—until the fateful day your offspring ask you to look after *their* offspring. You might then worry your babysitting skills have slipped.

"Taking care of a child is not typically something one forgets how to do, but [some particulars] may have changed," says author and psychologist Sara Dimerman. "And each child is different."

Here's the good news: you've still got it. You might just need to brush up on some techniques, whether you're watching a wee baby or a world-weary adolescent.

Respect routine

While your grandchildren aren't strangers, you may not live with them on a daily basis. You and the parents should go over their routines—such as appropriate times for naps, dinner and bed—as well as the

kids' idiosyncrasies, from food sensitivities to their favourite stuffed toys.

"Sometimes problems arise when grandparents assume they know better and do things their own way rather than following through with the parents' requests," says Dimerman. "This can create conflict and may not always be in the child's best interests."

Once the parents feel confident you won't scar their progeny, feel free to trust your instincts. You've got experience. You also have licence, as a grandparent, to bend the rules a bit if they don't work for you.

Keeping them amused

Given the ubiquity of smartphones and other video-playing devices, some grandparents may think children can't entertain themselves any other way. That's simply not true, says Charlotte Livingston of King City, Ont., a grandmother to three young boys.

With her 10-year-old grandson in particular, she says, "I feel that at home, there's a heck of a lot of screen time. I actually like to limit that."

Rather than simply switching on the television or a tablet, Livingston keeps her grandsons in thrall with reading, crafts and outdoor activities, such as biking. She's also adopted the habit of bringing along board games, such as Trouble, whenever she's on babysitting duty.

The longer haul

If your grandkids are staying for a longer spell, it can be helpful to establish a daily routine, as though they were actually living with you. That might include stricter bedtimes and even some chores, says Patricia Adair of Maryfield, Sask., who has nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Adair often gets them to pitch in around the house, whether it's picking peas in the garden or mowing the lawn. Asking the younger set to lend a hand and peel carrots for dinner helps them appreciate what goes into maintaining a household, she says, and it can open up opportunities to have casual yet meaningful discussions about family and school.

Back to reality

For many kids, a trip to their grandparents' house means a few more sweets, a few more stories and more freedom in general. Still, you should ensure your charges understand that the party ends when they return home, says Kathy Buckworth, author of *I Am So the Boss of You*.

Being at Grandma and Granddad's can be like a mini-vacation, she says, but after the fact, "it is normal to have a 're-entry' period where the child is reintroduced to real life with Mom and Dad." R

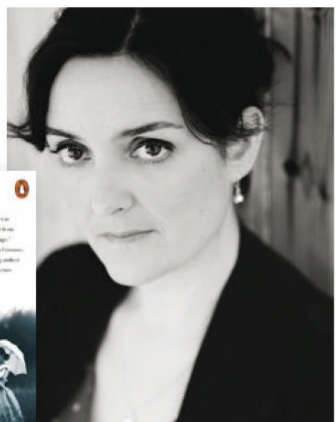
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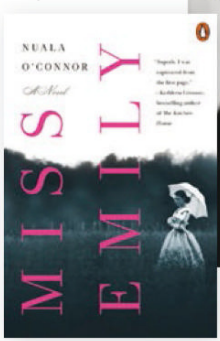
IN PARTNERSHIP WITH Penguin Random House Canada

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Miss Emily

BY NUALA O'CONNOR
REVIEW BY MARK HAMILTON





256 pages, $20 (trade paperback)
Release date July 14, 2015

Award-winning Irish short-story author Nuala O'Connor not only pays tribute to the beloved writers who have come before her, but she brings one back to life on the page. Exploring the entwined lives of Emily Dickinson and her fictionalized maid Ada Concannon, *Miss Emily* portrays the blossoming of an upstairs-downstairs friendship in 1850s Amherst, Massachusetts.

An Irish immigrant, 17-year-old Ada enters the kitchen of the Dickinson house and is immediately intrigued by the reclusive Emily. Over time, the two women spend countless hours baking together. Baking was a beloved pastime of the enigmatic poet; she famously lowered baskets of gingerbread to neighbourhood children from a window. While Ada fills her life with service, Emily finds solace in poetry. When shocking violence rocks Ada's life of servitude, Emily's agoraphobia and the class realities of the period test the women's already unlikely friendship.

Miss Emily questions what freedoms can be enjoyed by either

woman, making for thought-provoking reading. While Ada is invisibly chained to the kitchen, Emily smuggles in Dostoyevsky books amid her father's beliefs that women should not be overly educated so as not to "jostle the mind."

Told through first-person narrative that switches between Emily and Ada, *Miss Emily* succeeds in portraying the class (and for Irish-American immigrants of the period, racial) differences between the two women and the worlds they come from. The book reads as *Downton Abbey* in miniature, relocated to New England.

O'Connor clearly has affection for her subject, who herself reveres Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot and keeps a well-read Emily Brontë book on her bedside table. O'Connor's biggest tribute towards *Miss Emily*'s titular heroine, however, is her Dickinson-esque economy of words and a deeply shared love of language.

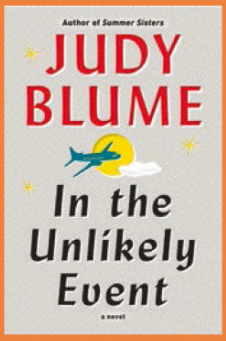
Despite its brisk 256 pages, *Miss Emily* makes a memorable first impression for O'Connor and charmingly adds to Dickinson's enigma. In Emily's own (imagined-by-O'Connor) words, "There is no better secret keeper than a Dickinson; we are able to close around our skeletons as snug as a shroud."

Join the Club

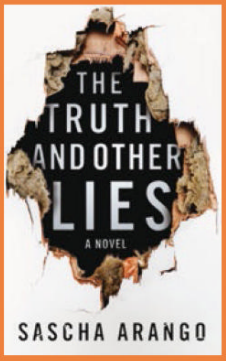
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SCAN WITH LAYAR TO READ AN EXCERPT FROM OUR FEATURED BOOK!



An unforgettable story about three generations of families, friends and strangers whose lives are profoundly changed by unlikely events.



The Dinner meets *The Silent Wife* in this literary thriller about a famous author whose wife—the brains behind his success—meets her death.

Penguin Random House Canada



Elizabeth Hay explores fraught family dynamics in her new novel, *His Whole Life*

Household Debts

BY SARAH LISS

Former broadcast journalist Elizabeth Hay won the Giller Prize in 2007 for *Late Nights on Air*, a wonderfully unconventional romance set at a radio station in the North. Now the author turns her attention further inward with *His Whole Life*. Framed by the story of a boy coming of age in the mid-'90s, Hay's latest draws subtle parallels between the tensions surrounding the Quebec referendum and the fraying bonds of a family in flux. *Aug. 11.*

This month's hottest books, movies and music

THIS IS HAPPY
Camilla Gibb

In this memoir, the acclaimed novelist wades through the complex web of relationships in her personal sphere, from her childhood with a volatile father to the partner who initiated a divorce while Gibb was pregnant with their child. *Aug. 18.*

LONG CHANGE
Don Gillmor

Big oil and international travel form the backdrop of this novel, which tracks the wayward son of an evangelical Texas family as he flees to Canada at 15. Gillmor follows him into adulthood, tracing the rise and fall of his fortunes in both love and black gold. *Aug. 18.*



(HAY) © WPF



THE MONSANTO YEARS

Neil Young

Never afraid to wander into the mire of controversy, CanRock's elder statesman goes after GMO giant Monsanto on his new release. Recorded in collaboration with Willie Nelson's sons, the concept album features songs protesting agribusiness and is released alongside an accompanying documentary. *Available now.*

SHAUN THE SHEEP MOVIE

Fans of Nick Park's *Wallace & Gromit* series will no doubt be delighted by this new flick, in which one of the British animator's cutest stop-motion supporting players heads to the big city and must retrieve his farmer. *Aug. 7.*



RICKI AND THE FLASH

Meryl Streep brings award-worthy panache to her role as an '80s rock diva who returns to the family she abandoned. The supporting cast—which includes Kevin Kline and Streep's real-life daughter Mamie Gummer—is sublime, and the writing (by *Juno*'s Diablo Cody) punchy. *Aug. 7.*

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

Guy Ritchie's stylish feature-film adaptation of the popular '60s TV series preserves the Cold War aesthetic and espionage intrigue of the original while casting *Man of Steel*'s Henry Cavill as the dashing American spy Napoleon Solo. *Aug. 14.*

LEARNING TO DRIVE

An audience favourite at the 2014 Toronto International Film Festival, this gentle comedy stars Patricia Clarkson as a divorcee who gains confidence on the road—and in life—from her driving instructor, played by Oscar winner Ben Kingsley. *Aug. 21.*

(STREEP) © 2015 TRISTAR PICTURES

CELEBRATING THE READER'S DIGEST TRUSTED BRANDS EVENT



Keynote speaker, Craig Kielburger

PHOTO CREDIT: TARA SANDLER

On April 16, 2015, Reader's Digest held the inaugural Trusted Brand™ event at the Four Seasons Hotel in Toronto, celebrating the 2015 Trusted Brand™ national winners.

Guests were treated to an evening of networking with industry peers, amazing door prizes, and gift bags provided to all who attended the event. *Reader's Digest* was pleased to present awards to the Trusted Brand™ national winners on stage, and celebrate their win!

Our guest speaker for the evening was Craig Kielburger, co-founder of Free The Children, Me to We and We Day. Craig has inspired a generation of young people to be active global change-makers, and inspires millions to improve their communities and the world through daily actions. He was also voted one of the Most Trusted Canadian Influencers for 2015 through a *Reader's Digest* editorial trust survey.



Dominique Ritter, Executive Editor, Reader's Digest Canada, and Craig Kielburger





Bonnie Kintzer, President & CEO, Reader's Digest Association, and Craig Kielburger



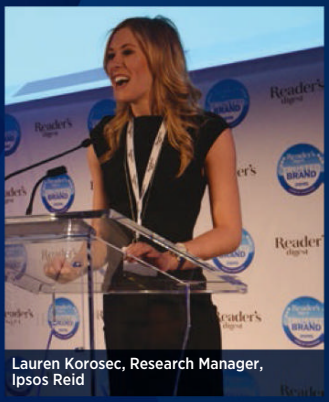
(L-R) Bonnie Kintzer, President & CEO, Reader's Digest Association, Tommasina Caprio, Print Buyer, Carat, Sherri Parks, Senior Media Buyer, Carat, and Raimo Moysa, International Editor-in-Chief, Reader's Digest



(L-R) Bonnie Kintzer, President & CEO, Reader's Digest Association, Bill Ramsammy, Assistant Vice-President, Corporate Brand and Marketing, Sun Life Financial, Marianne Arnaudon, Director, Corporate Marketing, Sun Life Financial, and Raimo Moysa, International Editor-in-Chief, Reader's Digest







Lauren Korosec, Research Manager, Ipsos Reid

THE READER'S DIGEST TRUSTED BRAND™ STUDY

The Canadian *Reader's Digest* Trusted Brand™ Study polls Canadians about the brands they trust across 40 product categories, from consumer packaged goods to financial institutions and Canadian retailers.

To learn more about the Trusted Brand™ program and to view the full winner list, please visit trustedbrands.rd.ca

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READER'S DIGEST

Taste of Home canada

FROM HOME COOKS LIKE YOU · BEST LOVED RECIPES



ORANGE LEMONADE

Get the Watermelon Chocolate Chip Sorbet recipe inside!

CHILL OUT!

Cool & Crunchy Chicken Salad

COOL DISHES ARE PERFECT FOR SUMMER'S HOTTEST DAYS — READ ON!



Orange Lemonade

This juice is a favourite at our place. I'll often double the batch and send a jar next door to my mother-in-law! I was looking for a way to sweeten lemonade without using more sugar when I came up with the recipe.
—WENDY MASTERS, GRAND VALLEY, ONT.

PREP / TOTAL TIME: 20 MIN. + COOLING
MAKES: 12 SERVINGS

1¾ cups (425 mL) sugar
2½ cups (625 mL) water
1½ cups (375 mL) lemon juice (about 8 lemons)
1½ cups (375 mL) orange juice (about 5 oranges)
2 tbsp (25 mL) grated lemon peel
2 tbsp (25 mL) grated orange peel
Water

1. In large saucepan, combine sugar and water. Cook over medium heat until sugar is dissolved, stirring occasionally. Cool.

2. Add juices and peel to cooled sugar syrup. Cover and let stand at room temperature 1 hour. Strain syrup; cover and refrigerate.

3. To serve, fill glasses or pitcher with equal amounts of fruit syrup and water. Add ice and serve.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 serving (1 cup) equals 136 calories, trace fat (trace saturated fat), 0 mg cholesterol, 1 mg sodium, 35 g carbohydrate, trace fibre, trace protein.*



Cool & Crunchy Chicken Salad

When the weather sizzles, get your chill on with a cool chicken salad. Mine uses grapes, pecans, and celery for that signature crunch. **—SARAH SMILEY,** BANGOR, MAINE

PREP / TOTAL TIME: 25 MIN.
MAKES: 6 SERVINGS

- **½ cup (125 mL) reduced-fat mayonnaise**
- **2 tbsp (25 mL) minced fresh parsley**
- **1 tbsp (15 mL) lemon juice**
- **1 tbsp (15 mL) cider vinegar**
- **1 tsp (5 mL) spicy brown mustard**
- **½ tsp (2 mL) sugar**
- **¼ tsp (1 mL) salt**
- **¼ tsp (1 mL) pepper**
- **3 cups (750 mL) cubed cooked chicken**
- **1 cup (250 mL) seedless red grapes, halved**
- **1 cup (250 mL) thinly sliced celery**
- **1 cup (250 mL) pecan halves, toasted**
- **Lettuce leaves**

1. In large bowl, mix first eight ingredients until blended. Add chicken, grapes, celery, and pecans; toss to coat. Serve on lettuce.

NOTE: To toast nuts, bake in a shallow pan in a 350°F (180°C) oven for 5-10 minutes, or cook in a skillet over low heat until lightly browned, stirring occasionally.

NUTRITION FACTS: *1 cup equals 340 calories, 24 g fat (3 g saturated fat), 69 mg cholesterol, 311 mg sodium, 10 g carbohydrate, 2 g fibre, 22 g protein.*

Watermelon Chocolate Chip Sorbet



Summertime and watermelons go hand in hand. My melon sorbet is fresh, fruity and without the gluten, dairy, and eggs you find in other frozen desserts.

—RACHEL LEWIS, DANVILLE, VA

PREP: 15 MIN. + CHILLING
PROCESS: 30 MIN. + FREEZING
MAKES: 1 QUART

NUTRITION FACTS: *1/2 cup equals 131 calories, trace fat (trace saturated fat), 0 mg cholesterol, 4 mg sodium, 33 g carbohydrate, trace fibre, trace protein.*

- **1 cup (250 mL) sugar**
- **½ cup (125 mL) water**
- **3 cups (750 mL) chopped seedless watermelon**
- **1 cup (250 mL) orange juice**
- **2 tbsp (25 mL) lime juice**
- **½ cup (125 mL) miniature semisweet chocolate chips (optional)**

1. In small saucepan, bring sugar and water to a boil. Reduce heat; simmer, uncovered, 5 minutes, stirring occasionally to dissolve sugar. Cool slightly.

2. Place watermelon in food processor; process until puréed. Add orange juice, lime juice, and cooled syrup; process until blended. Transfer to large bowl; refrigerate, covered, 3 hours or until cold.

3. Pour into cylinder of ice cream freezer. Freeze according to manufacturer's directions; if desired, add chocolate chips during last 10 minutes of processing. Transfer sorbet to freezer containers, allowing headspace for expansion. Freeze 2-4 hours or until firm.

Send your recipes!

CALLING ALL HOME COOKS!
Share your favourite recipes at **tasteofhome.com/submit.**

Being a neighbour can mean much more than simply living next door. Here, 14 stories about your remarkable moments, acts of generosity and relationships forged over years.

Better Together

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON McKENZIE FRASER, BROOKE WEDLOCK AND ROGER AZIZ



AARON McKENZIE FRASER

avxhome.se



John and Dawn

> **Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbours, and let every new year find you a better man.**
>
> BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Snow Angel

Our next-door neighbour, John, is awesome! Whenever there's a storm while my husband is away on business, John comes with his snowblower and helps me dig out. I like to reward him with his favourite treat: home-made chocolate-chip cookies. He always tells me I don't have to do that, but I do. It's how I show my appreciation.

DAWN WELTON
CHESTER, N.S.

HOLIDAY CHEER

On December 25, 1978, we'd been in Canada less than a year and had never celebrated Christmas. That morning there was a knock at the door: our neighbour Charlie, with a toy truck for our toddler, Sandy. "Come meet the family," he said.

Once at their place, I mentioned how I'd gotten a job but was afraid I couldn't find a babysitter for the time between when I left the house and my husband came home. "Sandy can stay with us," Charlie's wife offered.

Our first Christmas was the beginning of a long friendship.

MALA ASHOK
SURREY, B.C.

Words of Wisdom

I visited Grandpa B. often when I was a young girl growing up in rural Alberta. He wasn't really my grandfather, but everyone called him that because he was in his 80s and still going strong.

At least once a week I would head over to play checkers with him and chat about our lives. I haven't forgotten his sage advice: "Never wish your life away. It will be over soon enough!" (when I confessed I wanted to be grown up) and "There's nothing wrong with them. They reach the ground, don't they?" (when I complained that my legs were too short).

Grandpa B. taught me to live in the moment and accept what can't be changed.

DEBBIE BROWNE
SPRUCE GROVE, ALTA.

Anything for a Laugh

Years ago, shortly before Christmas dinner, I looked out the back window of our new house and noticed one of the largest birds I had ever seen perched on the fence. I called to my wife and we both watched it through the falling snow for a few minutes. I sent our Labrador-shepherd, Mabel, out to investigate, but she couldn't have cared less. The bird wasn't moving, and I thought it might be injured, but when I returned to the window it was gone.

About three weeks later, I was chatting with our neighbour Paul and brought up the enormous mystery creature. Paul couldn't stop laughing: he had placed a stuffed crow on the fence to get a reaction from us. We became good friends after that, and he went on to help me with many home projects. Paul and his wife have since moved to a condo—their presence is truly missed.

DOUG NOONAN
HAMILTON

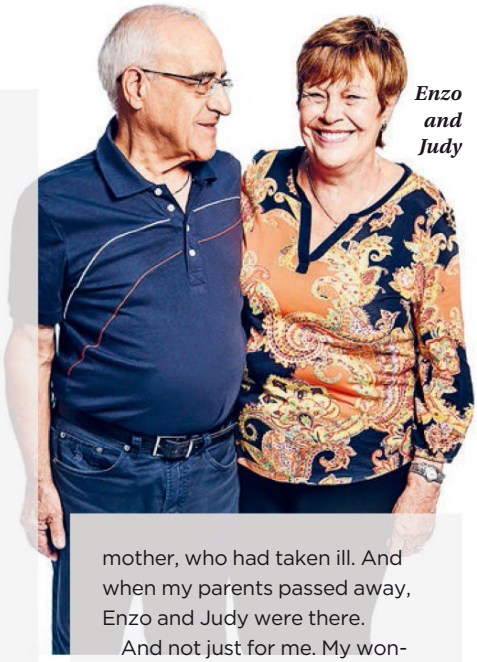
NO EXPECTATIONS

I have the best neighbours ever. When I moved to the area, I didn't know a soul. I hadn't met Enzo and Judy beyond a wave hello until I underwent surgery. After a few days recuperating at home, I ventured outside and started a conversation with them. When she heard about my troubles, Judy told me to call if I needed anything. I never did phone, but I felt better knowing support was close by.

Since then, Enzo has helped me with plumbing issues and other repairs. He and Judy have lent me their lawn mower, pressure washer, steam cleaner and various tools. They have cut my grass, watered my garden, shovelled my driveway, looked after my cat and walked my dog. Once, Judy drove me 70 kilometres through a rainstorm at night so I could be with my mother, who had taken ill. And when my parents passed away, Enzo and Judy were there.

And not just for me. My wonderful neighbours have keys to many houses on our street. I have only been able to return their kindness a few times, but they have never asked for anything in return.

TERESA LICO
AURORA, ONT.



Enzo and Judy

BROOKE WEDLOCK

Best Friends Forever

Following my separation from my spouse more than a decade ago, I moved into an apartment building. I was devastated and quite lost. Happily, a kind woman one door down took me under her wing and became the sister I never had. Dawn passed away in January. I keep expecting her to knock on my door and walk in. For the first time in 11 years, I feel like I'm living alone.

DEBBIE FOX
LACHINE, QUE.

The Kindness of Strangers

Not long ago, I answered my parents' door to find a stranger. I had flown to LaSalle, Que., from Portugal for my mother's funeral.

The woman who was unknown to me—Isabelle—had been my parents' neighbour and caring friend for 18 years. I invited her inside.

Isabelle spoke about my mother's tough character and how she kept the neighbourhood safe. How Mary—Mom—was aware of everyone's activities, taking them in from her chair on the porch. Dad and I laughed, and it felt good.

Isabelle told us about the loss of her own mothers, biological and adopted. She noted how unsettled she felt with Mary gone, then turned to my father: "Joe, you will have to watch the street for the rest of us now."

Dad told me Isabelle had been a great comfort to Mom. When there was a fire in my parents' home, Isabelle brought a chair into the street for my frail mother to sit on and a blanket in which to wrap her. She even spoke Portuguese!

At my mother's funeral, in my eulogy, I thanked Isabelle, no longer a stranger, for her kindness.

LEONIA NUNES

PAÇO DE ARCOS, PORTUGAL

May your neighbours respect you, trouble neglect you, angels protect you and heaven accept you.

DRAKE



Isabelle

ROGER AZIZ

GUIDING LIGHTS

I don't just like Christmas—I *love* Christmas. My husband, while not quite Scrooge, thinks the season is too commercial. One string of lights around the window is sufficient to announce to the world that we are in the holiday spirit.

But over time, as those lights would die out, they weren't being replaced. See, my husband had noticed that when the neighbours across the street turned on their lights, the multicoloured beacons reflected in our window so perfectly, it looked like we had our own set-up. So our sad string hung on.

That's when Rob and Deb stepped in. "We've noticed your lights are looking a bit worn," Rob said. "We have an extra string I could put up." When I came home from work, our window was twinkling. How lovely!

The next evening I returned to find lights also lining the eaves along the front of the house. Over the following few days, these additions were joined by giant candy canes, floodlights, Santa, a sleigh and three reindeer.

That Christmas wasn't only about the decorations. It was about a fun, generous neighbour who brought the true light of the season into our home.

PENELOPE MOSES
CALGARY

CHANGE IS GOOD

When I was in kindergarten, my best friend moved to Hungary, leaving the house next door empty. I was determined to fill the void in my young heart, so when the new neighbours moved in, I marched over, rang the doorbell and asked if there were any kids. As I looked up at the adult who had answered, he said he was the only kid around. Little me had no problem with that: I had accomplished my goal and befriended a high-schooler. Twenty years later, I can appreciate how my bond with Peter helped me adjust to change.

GIULIANA FRAGOMENI
MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Mr. Fix-It

My neighbours Art and Margaret are the kind you can count on. During some tough financial times several years ago, my car needed serious repair work. Art sent me to the dealership and told me which parts to get, then spent his Saturday under my car fixing it. The price of that repair job I couldn't have otherwise afforded? A request to keep the kids out of the garage and a thank you. That's it! Now I pay it forward whenever possible—you never know what a bit of help can do to give a friend a boost.

JOANNE ELLIS
SASKATOON

STEEPED IN MEMORIES

When I was a wee girl in Kenora, Ont., we had an elderly neighbour named Mrs. Redding. She kept a couch on her back porch, and many a time I'd be found napping there. Mrs. Redding and I regularly sat down for milk and cookies together, and she (very patiently) taught me to knit. She treated me with all the love and attention she would surely have showered on her own grandchildren, had she had any. Many decades have passed since those days, but I still think of her fondly.

When I got married, Mrs. Redding gave us a lovely Belleek cream-and-sugar set as a present. I treasure it more than one could imagine.

TERRI ARMSTRONG
LINDSAY, ONT.

Warm Feet, Warm Heart

When I was eight years old, my family rented a house next to a childless couple. The lady was tall and beautiful and had the most amazing name: Agatha Fiebelkorn. But even more amazing was the Christmas gift she gave us.

Mrs. Fiebelkorn could sew, something my mother didn't do unless an item needed to be mended. This particular year, our neighbour lady made my five brothers and sisters and me matching stockings out of red felt, with white trim and a green tree embellished with sequins. Each of us kids held onto those stockings for many Christmases to come.

We moved soon after, and I never saw our neighbour again. I would have loved to tell her how much those stockings were cherished.

LAUREN BILBEY
MITCHELL, MAN.

GROUP BENEFITS

My husband and I have lived at the same address for 42 years. There isn't a single neighbour I would consider great—there's a whole block of them! We support each other during family crises and happy events. We take turns hosting the summertime block party and the block yard sale. When one of our younger neighbours was dying, everyone helped raise funds for expenses related to his illness. We're always here for each other.

KAREN GUNBY
WINDSOR, ONT.



Robbie, Lori and Carol

THE CHEER SQUAD

In April 2014, I was diagnosed with Type 2 diabetes and told to lose weight. My doctor suggested I take a 30-minute walk daily, but I was terrified to start exercising. I remember glibly saying, "I guess I'll die young."

A month later, I was in a serious accident and could hardly walk. I began physiotherapy and soon lost 50 pounds. In those early months, I was very self-conscious about my daily walks, but I kept at them and followed the same route. That's how I met Robbie and Carol.

Whenever I passed by their place, Robbie would call out, "You go, girl. You're looking great!" They cheered me on as I dropped from a size 18 to a size 10. And one day they invited me over. I told them how much their support meant to me. I now go to the gym, and I walk every day, rain or shine. And most importantly, I have two new friends.

LORI GARDINER
TORONTO

"Love thy neighbour—and if he happens to be tall, debonair and devastating, it will be that much easier.

MAE WEST

BROOKE WEDLOCK

New strategies help gout sufferers treat and prevent debilitating aches and swelling

Out of Joint

BY ANNE MULLENS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS LAURENDEAU

(PHOTO ASSISTANT) AUDREY BOIVIN; (STYLIST) MÉLANIE LARIVIÈRE;
(RETOUCHER) AUDRÉE DESNOYERS; (PHOTO AGENCY) SHOOTSTUDIO.CA



ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO, Montrealer Julien Gauthier,* then aged 47, woke up with extreme pain in his big toe. "It felt like a hammer blow," he says. After a bit of Internet research, he realized he had gout.

From that point on, Gauthier's life became a series of acute pain attacks. Each flare-up would be followed by a period of slow, uncomfortable recovery and a few pain-free months before the cycle would repeat. Each episode involved his entire foot, not just the original toe. Gauthier, who owns a small building-product business, still winces as he recalls hobbling to his car and trying to make it through his busy workdays.

> ONCE CALLED THE "DISEASE OF KINGS," GOUT HAS AFFLICTED NOTABLE FIGURES, INCLUDING HENRY VIII AND CHARLES DARWIN.

Hoping to ease his symptoms, Gauthier cut down on foods with high levels of the organic compound purine. Unfortunately, this dietary adjustment on its own didn't do enough to help the attacks. Gauthier continued to suffer for four years before realizing he had other options. Although he visited a GP early on, he wasn't written a prescription until he finally saw a rheumatologist. Gauthier notes, "She said, 'Why didn't your doctor give you something sooner?'"

Gauthier started a daily regime of the gout medication allopurinol in 2012. Since then, he has kept flare-ups at bay. He will likely have to take this drug for the rest of his life but is pleased to be living with minimal pain. "That is," he says, "unless I stub that darn toe!"

GAUTHIER IS JUST ONE of the approximately 900,000 people in Canada who suffer from gout. For up to 75 per cent of patients, the first twinges of the disease occur in the big toe. During a gout attack, microscopically tiny, needle-like crystals of uric acid pack the joint, as irritating and painful as shards of glass. Uric acid is a natural by-product of the digestive process, but gout sufferers produce excessive amounts of the substance, which can crystallize and get lodged in and around the joints. Over time, if high levels of uric acid in the blood aren't treated, gout attacks can become more frequent, eventually spreading and causing damage to other joints.

Although many gout sufferers may have had high serum urate for years, the first flare-up can result in a joint becoming red, hot, swollen and excruciatingly sore overnight. Even the weight of a bedsheet can be

**Name has been changed.*

unbearable. Men—especially those over 40—are four times more likely to experience attacks than women under 65, but that gap narrows after menopause, at which point women become more susceptible to the condition.

Those with gout are in good company. One of the most common forms of arthritis, gout was once called the "disease of kings." It has afflicted notable figures over the centuries, including Henry VIII, Isaac Newton, Leonardo da Vinci, Charles Darwin and many others.

Today, however, gout is a disease of the masses. It's estimated that two per cent of people in Western countries—and three per cent of Canadian adults—are affected. Moreover, the incidence of gout has doubled in the last 20 years, possibly due to the burgeoning obesity epidemic, excessive alcohol consumption and meat-heavy modern diets.

"Gout is an increasing health burden in the developed world," says Dr. Francisca Sivera, a rheumatologist at the Hospital General Universitario de Elda in Spain. She notes that patients face significant pain, are limited in their activities and experience a reduction in their quality of life.

And like Gauthier, many aren't getting adequate care. Sivera was the lead author of a landmark 2013 publication that spurred a team of researchers to develop a set of evidence-based multinational recommendations for the management and treatment of gout. Those suggestions were part of the so-called "3e" (Evidence, Expertise, Exchange) project and were endorsed by 474 international rheumatology experts from 14 nations, including Canada.

Prevention, Treatment and Management

1 Avoiding the first gout attack

We all produce uric acid; most of us are able to process the compound through our kidneys. In people with gout, there's either a surfeit of uric acid or the kidneys don't excrete enough. You're at a higher risk for developing gout if you have a family member with the condition. But you can improve your chances by avoiding excessive weight gain and paying close attention to your dietary choices. Be especially mindful of the following items:

PURINE-RICH FOODS. Purine is a natural substance—found in higher levels in red meat, offal and seafood—that converts to uric acid in our bodies.

ALCOHOL. Those worried about gout should reduce their consumption of booze, especially beer and spirits, and should avoid binge drinking altogether. Dehydration can trigger an

attack, so be sure to consume around two litres of water a day—whether or not you're imbibing.

FRUCTOSE-SWEETENED DRINKS. Two studies—one following men, the other following women—led by Dr. Hyon Choi, a faculty member at the Boston University School of Medicine who's also worked with Arthritis Research Canada, found that consuming large amounts of fructose, especially in beverage form (e.g., fruit juices, soft drinks), is strongly associated with an increased risk of gout.

2 Getting an accurate diagnosis

Many doctors believe they can diagnose gout on the basis of seeing a red, swollen and painful joint, particularly in the big toe. A basic assessment can be gleaned by pairing those observations with a blood test to measure uric acid levels, but according to multinational recommendations, a definitive diagnosis requires the doctor to use a needle to extract uric acid residue from the area. "This is the gold-standard method," says Dr. Gregory Choy, a rheumatologist and gout researcher at Sunnybrook Health Sciences Centre in Toronto. "But not every hospital has the polarized microscope you need to do it, so in real life, doctors must sometimes still rely on the blood levels and the joint's appearance."

3 Treating an acute attack

Most gout attacks will subside within three days to a few weeks, but the pain and swelling can be treated with medications like non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs. A medicine called colchicine, derived from crocuses, has been used for centuries and is effective. In some cases, an intense corticosteroid like prednisone may also be effective.

4 Screening for other diseases

Based on the 3e guidelines, the presence of gout is a red flag for a number of illnesses. Sivera says that it has been reported that patients are four times more likely to die of kidney disease than their gout-free counterparts. They should have their renal functions tested and be assessed for other correlated conditions, such as diabetes and cardiovascular disease.

5 Lowering uric acid levels

After their first attacks, most people with gout will have a second flare-up within two years. Unless the amount of uric acid in the blood is reduced, subsequent bouts will occur in increasingly rapid succession. The initial approach for treating uric acid levels is often a prescription for allopurinol, the medication

Gauthier currently takes, which gout sufferers usually stay on for life. In some cases, allopurinol can trigger a very dangerous allergic reaction, which may cause damage to internal organs such as the liver. The next option would be a more recently developed drug, such as febuxostat.

Typically, allopurinol would be prescribed at 100 milligrams a day, with the dosage slowly increased every few weeks to make sure the drug is tolerated, until blood tests show uric acid levels below 6 mg/dL (0.36mmol/L). "Ineffective low doses put patients at risk of an adverse event without the benefit of the dissolution of the crystals," says Sivera. Once they start the medication, patients should have their blood tested to ensure the target serum level is being achieved.

Some sufferers do see their gout go away, Choy notes, especially if their condition is primarily due to, say, heavy beer drinking and they make dramatic changes to their lifestyles. "But, more commonly," he says, "it's related to kidney failure or metabolic syndrome or some other condition that is here to stay, so we have to manage it indefinitely."

6 Preventing and managing tophi

If high uric acid levels aren't treated over the course of many years, they can cause crystals, called tophi, to build up in joints and tissues. These accumulations can destroy joint function, compress nerves and form unsightly growths and nodules. To dissolve tophi, experts recommend patients adopt a lower target amount for their uric acid levels and treat them accordingly, using the appropriate drugs. Surgery is considered only in the most severe cases.

7 Fending off future flare-ups

Even if a blood test reveals high levels of uric acid, some individuals may not experience symptoms of gout or show signs of tophi. If this is the case, they should avoid daily medications, unless later flare-ups occur. Instead, they should be counselled about ways to reduce the amount of uric acid in their blood through diet and exercise. R

* * *

GUEST LIST

I like to throw food parties. That's where you throw a party and only invite food.

ESTHER POVITSKY, *comedian*



Aboriginal leader **Dawn Lavell-Harvard** faces facts: ensuring her daughter's safety is impossible

A Promise I Can't Keep

FROM *TODAY'S PARENT*

ILLUSTRATION BY MEREDITH SADLER

I OFTEN WONDER HOW it's possible that the child who never listens when I'm calling her again and again is the same little darling who demonstrates remarkable hearing the moment adults start talking about something I'd rather she not overhear. As parents, we've all been faced with tough questions about horrible events. We reassure our kids, telling them they're safe from whatever bad thing has happened. But what if we can't make that guarantee?

AS USUAL, LAST SUMMER we had too much to do and not enough time in which to do it. I had promised my girls (ages 17, 10 and five) a fun activity together, but I'd also committed to a meeting in Charlottetown. In a ridiculous attempt to "have it all," I packed my three daughters and my oldest's best friend into the car for a road trip, leaving from Manitoulin Island in southern Ontario.

While most moms were in a back-to-school shopping frenzy, I was happily multi-tasking my way across four provinces, squeezing in teleconferences between dining on crepes in Quebec City and whale-watching in New Brunswick. Just as I was beginning to believe that, yes, I was a good mother after all, my professional and parental roles collided.

The issue of missing and murdered Aboriginal women had been in the news since May, when the RCMP had released its review of the handling of cases. As vice-president of the Native Women's Association of Canada, I was fielding calls from reporters all summer long.

One day, as I explained to yet another journalist that the fact of nearly 1,200 missing and murdered Aboriginal women and girls in Canada attests to the existence of a very real human-rights crisis within our borders, my 10-year-old was suddenly all ears. "Our mothers, sisters and daughters are not simply missing, like a wallet or a set of keys," I told the reporter. "They are being stolen from our families and our communities." It's no surprise that after hearing this, my daughter asked what I was talking about.



"DOES THAT MEAN I'M IN DANGER, MOMMY?" MY 10-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER ASKED.

As an indigenous feminist parent who believes that knowledge is power, I feel it's important she learn the truth so she can protect herself. I told her that our women are more likely to be victims of violence, more likely to disappear and more likely to be murdered than non-Aboriginal women.

But I hadn't considered the greater implications of sharing this information. After taking a moment to ponder, she looked up and said, "Mommy, we're Native, right?" And, needing no real confirmation of that fact, she went on to add, "And I'm a girl…" Like a flash, I saw the question dawning in her mind: "Does that mean I'm in danger, Mommy?"

I desperately wanted to reassure her, to tell her, "No, of course, I will take care of you—Mommy will protect you." But I realized it wasn't that simple. Here, in Canada, I can't promise that.

MOST WOMEN IN THE sex trade in Canada are recruited as adolescents, and a severely disproportionate number of these girls are Aboriginal. I have heard of Aboriginal girls as young as eight being recruited in parks and on their way home from school. This is the reality of what's happening right here in our country.

The sex trafficking of Aboriginal girls in Canada isn't limited to those who are already faced with poverty, violence and other traumas—in fact, an increasing number come from stable homes and are either in school or have jobs. This crisis has become so concerning that it's attracting the attention of international human-rights agencies, including the United Nations.

> SIMPLY BEING ABORIGINAL AND FEMALE IN CANADA MEANS MY DAUGHTER IS "AT RISK."

On a general level, the devaluation of Aboriginal girls and women, the impacts of systemic racism and the lingering effects of the residential school system have also contributed to the high rate of Aboriginal girls and women who have been murdered or remain missing.

The hard truth is that simply being Aboriginal and female in Canada means my daughter is "at risk." So I muddled through. While I thought the preschool conversations about penises and vaginas were tough, imagine trying to figure out how to explain the dangers of sex trafficking to someone who barely understands the concept of sex.

I'm sure many would argue that the issue of missing and murdered Aboriginal women and sex trafficking isn't something I needed to address with a 10-year-old. But if 14 is the age at which most girls report first being trafficked, even I can do the math.

Decades of silence have allowed this issue to continue. While the media has begun to draw attention to the problem, parents—both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal—must start the difficult conversations about racism, discrimination and historic oppression if we are to break the ongoing cycles of sexual and physical violence. R

Dr. Dawn Lavell-Harvard is now the interim president of the Native Women's Association of Canada and has been working toward empowering Aboriginal women and their families since 1994. She is a proud member of the Wikwemikong First Nation.

© 2015 BY DAWN LAVELL-HARVARD. FROM *TODAY'S PARENT* (APRIL 2015), TODAYSPARENT.COM

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

I've taken up speed-reading. I can read *War and Peace* in 20 seconds. It's only three words, but it's a start.

Comedian **TIM VINE**

MAJOR DEMANDS

While cleaning out the garage, I found an old protest sign that read, "DISARM TODAY!" On the other side, it said, "DAT ARM TOMORROW."

JIM VANDERMAAS, *St. Catharines, Ont.*

WOMP, WOMP

Two drums and a cymbal fall off a cliff.

Duh dum chh. reddit.com

Q: What did the pirate say when he turned 80?
A: "Aye Matey!" buzzfeed.com

I bought the world's worst thesaurus yesterday. Not only is it terrible, it's terrible. buzzfeed.com

Did you hear about the magic tractor? It was driving down the road and turned into a field. reddit.com

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY JEN GRANT

My boyfriend is always saying that he "wears the pants in the relationship."

I'm like, "Fine, you wear the pants. But they're capris."

Jen Grant's debut comedy CD, Nobody Likes Your Home-made Wine, *is available at jengrant.com.*



Think you can make us laugh? Send us an original joke, and it could mean a free year's subscription for your household. See page 11 or rd.ca/joke for details.


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On his 80th birthday, the Dalai Lama reflects on forgiveness, compassion and why ethics are more important than religion

Higher Calling

BY FRANZ ALT

After the 2015 terrorist attack in Paris, you said, "There are days when I think it would be better if there were no religions." What did you mean?

The knowledge and the practice of religion have been helpful, but today they're no longer enough. This is true of all faiths. They've been—and still are—frequently intolerant. Wars have been waged in the name of religion.

In the 21st century we need a new ethic that transcends religion. Far more crucial than organized faith is our elementary human spirituality: a predisposition toward love, kindness and affection that we all have within us, whatever our beliefs. In my view, people can do without religion, but they can't do without inner values, without ethics.

What led you to this conclusion?

I've been in Indian exile for 56 years. I was forced to flee Tibet as a result of the conflict that arose after China occupied the country in 1950. India is a secular society that lives by a secular ethic. Mahatma Gandhi was profoundly religious, but he was also a secular spirit. That's why he's my role model. Gandhi embodied religious tolerance, which is deeply rooted in Indian society. With very few exceptions, we find not only Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Sikhs living in peace, but also Jainists, Buddhists, Jews, agnostics and atheists.

Among the six billion "believers" in the world, there are many who don't take their own religions seriously.

Among those six billion, there are many corrupt people who pursue only their own interests. But achieving global peace requires harmony within countries. This is true of all conflicts going on now—in Ukraine, the Middle East, Afghanistan, Nigeria.

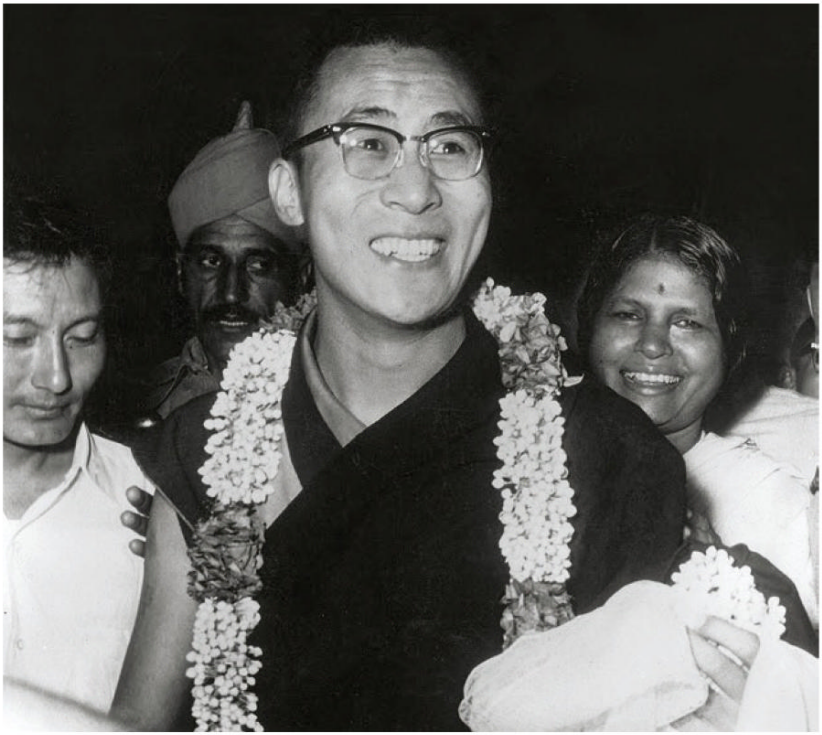
Studies suggest altruistic behaviour is more rewarding than egoism. People don't have to be selfish. They can just as easily be altruistic and gear their activities to the welfare of others. Altruism makes us happier.

Happiness isn't just a coincidence; it's a capacity that every individual has at his or her disposal. Everyone can be or become happy. Research tells us what factors have a bearing on happiness. Step by step we can transform the factors that create barriers to joy—this is true of individuals and the whole of society.

You attach great importance to modern brain research. Why?

Our brain is a learning organ. Neuropsychology tells us that we can train our brains like we train our muscles. In this way, we can overcome what is negative. We can change for the better. This is revolutionary progress.

Thanks to this progress, we're now more certain of the fact that ethical behaviour and compassion are things we are born with, while religion is



The world's most prominent refugee arrives in Delhi on September 7, 1959, on his first visit to the Indian capital since seeking asylum.

© CENTRAL PRESS/GETTY IMAGES

something that is instilled in us. The conclusion we can draw from that is that ethics run deeper and are more natural than religion.

How can we further develop our capacity for compassion? What questions should we ask ourselves? Are we open-minded or narrow-minded? Have we considered the whole situation or are we concerned only with certain aspects? Do we genuinely look at things in a long-term perspective or only in the short term? Are our actions truly motivated by sincere compassion? Is our compassion limited to family and friends?

We must reflect, and we need research and more research. Ethics have mainly to do with our spiritual condition and not with formal membership in a religious community.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE DALAI LAMA

1935 The future Dalai Lama is born in Tibet. At age two, he's recognized as the reincarnation of the 13th Dalai Lama. At four and a half, he's enthroned in Lhasa.

1950 The People's Liberation Army of China occupies Tibet. The Dalai Lama, 15, assumes political power over his country.

1954 He travels to Beijing for peace talks with Mao Zedong, Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping—to no avail.

1959 The Tibetan uprising is quelled by the Chinese; 90,000 Tibetans die, and thousands more flee. The Dalai Lama establishes a government-in-exile at Dharamsala, India.

1966–76 During the Chinese Cultural Revolution, almost all 6,000 monasteries in Tibet are razed to the ground.

1987 Tibet no longer calls for independence from China, merely autonomy within the Chinese state.

1989 The Dalai Lama is awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

2011 The Dalai Lama hands over political leadership of Tibet to Lobsang Sangay, elected prime minister of the government-in-exile in a free ballot. Though he wishes to live as an "ordinary monk in a monastery," many Tibetans still accord him something akin to divine status.

We must overcome our self-imposed restrictions and learn to understand the views of others.

In the present conflict in Ukraine, this means that eastern Europe needs western Europe, and western Europe needs eastern Europe. So talk to each other! Realize that we are living in an age of globalization. The new motto must be, "Your interests are our interests." Fundamentalism is always harmful. Yesterday's ideas will get us nowhere.

Climate change is another thing we can only come to grips with globally. I hope and pray that the next climate summit in Paris later this year will finally produce concrete results. Egoism, nationalism and violence are the wrong course. The most important question for a better world is, "How can we serve each other?"

Every day, we wipe out 150 animal and plant species and blow 150 million tons of greenhouse gases into the air. What can a secular ethic do to stop this?

In the last century we made huge progress in material terms. All in all, this was a good thing. But it also crippled the environment. In the 21st century we must learn, cultivate and apply inner values such as mindfulness, education, respect, tolerance, caring and non-violence at all levels.

There are two ways of looking at human nature. One of them says that

human beings are inherently violent, ruthless and aggressive. The other view is that we are naturally attuned to kindness, harmony and living in peace. I stick to the latter. I don't consider ethics to be a collection of commandments and prohibitions for us to observe and to which we must adhere. Instead, it's a natural inner drive that can inspire us to seek happiness and satisfaction for ourselves and others, to the greater good of humanity and the living world.

Education changes everything. People are capable of learning.

What can each of us do to make the world a better and more peaceful place to live?

If we want to make this world a better place, then we have to become better ourselves. There is no easy route. First of all, we have to see our enemies as human beings. It's in our own best interest to do everything in our power to ensure that all living beings can thrive. For that, we need spiritual schooling and education of the heart.

The real enemy is the enemy within, not the external one. External enmities never last, and the conflict between China and Tibet is no exception. If we respect our enemies, they can become friends.

This is why my allegiance to nonviolence is unwavering. We have a real chance of making the 21st century a century of peace, a century of dialogue, a century of caring, responsible and compassionate humanity. This is what I hope for. This is what I pray for. R

German journalist Franz Alt has met with the Dalai Lama 30 times over 33 years.

* * *

TOUGH QUESTIONS

What are they planting to grow the seedless watermelon?

JERRY SEINFELD

At what age do you think it's appropriate to tell a highway it's adopted?

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

Nostalgia: how long's that been around?

BILL BAILEY



Lauren Fagen wanted nothing more than to bond with Africa's big cats. That wish nearly cost the teen her life.

LION ATTACK!

BY LIA GRAINGER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAUDE CHAUVIN

ISTOCKPHOTO

avxhome.se

LAUREN FAGEN woke early on July 1, 2013, the African sun still low in the sky. The petite 18-year-old had arrived as a volunteer at the Moholoholo Wildlife Rehabilitation Centre in northeast South Africa two weeks earlier to spend time with the animals she'd loved from afar since childhood. Born and raised in Montreal, she had always been fascinated by wild cats, and there was one that interested her above all: the lion.

WHEN FAGEN WAS LITTLE, her parents were reluctant to have a pet, so instead she would spend time at the homes of friends with dogs and cats, cuddling and caring for them. In June 2013, three months before she was set to begin her much-anticipated undergraduate degree at McGill University, she still couldn't shake the feeling that she hadn't fully explored her connection to animals.

She brought up the issue with her mother, Alana Isrealoff, and through an online search they discovered Moholoholo. Fagen was thrilled when her mom said she could use a portion of her education fund to spend four weeks at the centre.

The teenager had never travelled abroad alone before. A month later, she climbed out of a small plane that delivered her to the town of Hoedspruit and gazed out at the expansive plains that spread out in all directions.

AT THE CENTRE, FAGEN marvelled at the range of wildlife. There were cheetahs, leopards, rhinos, hippos, hyenas, lions. She quickly learned her daily routine, making her rounds to deliver breakfast to the creatures under her care: honey badgers, wild dogs and vultures.

When Fagen had time off, she would sit next to her favourite cheetah's enclosure and press her hand flat against the chain-link fence so the animal could lick her palm. Some coordinators admonished her for this, but Fagen claims that other staff at the centre permitted the activity, which gave her the sort of intimate interaction with wildlife she had always craved. "From my perspective, so long as one of the coordinators had approved it, I was not taking any risks," says Fagen.

In accordance with the centre's policies, volunteers had to sign a document acknowledging they would be working with dangerous animals, and they were warned by coordinators not to go near cages without supervision.

During her time at Moholoholo, Fagen would write in her journal, "It's hard not to be able to cuddle with any animals at the centre, despite being surrounded by them."

On the morning of July 1, she finished her early rounds and headed to the clinic, where 20 or so volunteers had gathered to receive the afternoon tasks that needed to be done that day.

Coordinator Jan Last announced they would be cleaning the feeding cages of the big cats.

"Who wants lions?" Last asked the group.

Fagen's hand immediately shot up. "Me!" she exclaimed.

Last laughed. Fagen had not been shy about her desire to interact with the centre's wild-cat population.

The teen grabbed a mop and a bucket and headed off.

THE LARGE-CARNIVORE enclosures consisted of feeding cages attached to main living areas. These cages—completely sealed with gates—allowed staff to feed the animals without coming into direct contact with them. Food was placed in the cage, and when the worker had safely exited, a gate was opened to allow the animal access to its meal.

The lions were kept in several adjoining enclosures, and their feeding areas stood in a spaced-out row connected by a walkway. Fagen made her way to the end of the row and found herself alone outside one of the cages.

It was small, about three metres long and a metre and a half wide. She filled a bucket with water and sloshed it over the concrete floor. The cage's low corrugated metal ceiling forced Fagen to crouch as she pushed the mop back and forth.

She squatted to get better leverage, and when she looked up, she froze. On the other side of the enclosure's chain-link fence, not a metre from her, a lion named Duma was rubbing his body against the fence.

Fagen was struck by the animal's beauty.

This is it, she thought. The most memorable moment of my trip.

When she turned around, she noticed another volunteer, Mariana Aranha, a 23-year-old biology student from São Paulo, who had come to see if Fagen needed any help.

> AS FAGEN WATCHED, THE LION SLIPPED HIS PAWS THROUGH THE BARS, EXTENDING HIS CLAWS. HE STARED DIRECTLY AT HER.

"That's cute, but it's not really safe," Aranha recalls having warned Fagen, when she saw her close to the lion. (For her part, Fagen has no memory of this warning.) She then took a picture of Fagen and Duma. "I can send it to you later."

Fagen smiled and thanked Aranha for the photograph and said she didn't need any help. She went back to cleaning while Aranha walked off.

Once alone, Fagen remembers noticing with alarm that Duma had moved. Instead of sitting behind the

tightly woven fence, he was now behind the cage's gate made of metal bars spaced several centimetres apart. As Fagen watched, Duma slipped his paws through the bars and laid them down on the ground, extending his claws as he did so. The lion stared directly at Fagen.

Feeling her stomach lurch, she backed away and turned to continue scrubbing.

Suddenly, she recalls, she found herself flipped violently onto her back. What happened? she thought. Did I trip?



FAGEN FELL BACK ON THE WET GROUND AND STARED UP AT THE CEILING OF THE FEEDING CAGE. SHE WAS TRAPPED.

She quickly realized what had occurred: Duma had reached through the bars and, with claws extended, grasped her right leg, pulling it hard through the cage's metal bars to past her knee.

RATHER THAN FEAR FOR her life, Fagen's first thought was of how much trouble a lion attack would cause the centre. No one has to know about this, she thought. I'll just pull my leg back.

That's when Duma, his long yellow mane framing open jaws, clamped down on her right thigh.

It took Fagen a moment to identify the shrieks she was hearing as her own.

Seconds later, Aranha and another volunteer appeared in the entranceway. They stared in shock at Duma, snarling over Fagen's bloodied leg, then ran to get help.

Alone again, Fagen was horrified to see that her left leg had now also been pulled through the bars up to her lower thigh.

She felt no pain but knew that wouldn't last long. She gritted her teeth and forced herself to look at Duma, gnawing on her right leg.

You can still save your left leg, Fagen told herself.

She leaned forward, grabbed her left thigh above her knee and pulled. Excruciating pain shot up from her knee joint. She couldn't get her knee back through the bars—it was stuck.

Fagen fell back on the wet ground and stared up at the ceiling of the feeding cage.

She was trapped.

Then the teen had an idea. Forcing her knee joint through the bars might mean breaking her leg, but that seemed a far better option than the alternative.

Break your own leg or die, Fagen thought.







Clockwise from top: Duma, the male, and Tree, his female penmate, viewed through the fence of their enclosure, in a photo taken by Fagen when she returned to Moholoholo to see the lions before heading home to Montreal; Fagen recovering in hospital after the attack; close-up of the wounds Fagen sustained to her legs, after they had been stitched.

COURTESY OF LAUREN FAGEN

She reached down and again grabbed her thigh, barely covered by her now tattered and bloodied sweatpants. She focused her strength and pulled, her knee joint straining against the viselike bars.

It was no use. Fagen stopped pulling, and her vision began to narrow into a black tunnel.

AT THE END OF THE darkness, a face suddenly appeared. It was Last, the park's volunteer coordinator, and with him was 24-year-old Natalie Bennett, a veterinary nurse from Surrey, England.



A FEMALE LION NAMED TREE, ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, HAD JOINED DUMA IN THE ATTACK, BITING AT FAGEN'S LEFT LEG.

Rushing into the cage with Last, Bennett was shocked by what she saw: on the other side of the bars, a female lion named Tree, attracted by the commotion, had joined Duma in the attack, biting at Fagen's left leg as Duma chewed on the right. Last took hold of Fagen and pulled hard, but to no avail.

Bennett and Last grabbed brooms and brushes and began prodding and hitting the lions. After what felt like forever, the animals released Fagen's legs.

Last grasped her again. With one yank, he freed Fagen from the bars. Delirious, she held up her hands, examining the ring on her index finger, caked in red.

Is that my blood? she wondered, then began to scream.

The lions nearby continued to pace and snarl, aggravated by the wailing. Last pulled Fagen out of the cage and laid her down on the grass.

Bennett surveyed Fagen's injuries. She'd seen terrible animal wounds before, but nothing this serious on a human. Fagen's left knee was deeply gouged. Both legs were covered in teeth marks, and a 15-square-centimetre flap of flesh on the inside of her right thigh was hanging open and bleeding. With the help of another park employee, Bennett bandaged the wounds.

Meanwhile, Fagen flailed as the two women worked to save her. They had to move quickly—swarming ants, attracted by the blood, were crawling around Fagen, trying to penetrate her cuts.

"Why does it tickle?" she yelled.

"It's nothing," Bennett replied, brushing the insects away and covering the openings with gauze.

An ambulance had been called, but the first emergency responder to arrive was a paramedic named Giles Becker. He leaped from the hospital SUV and ran to Fagen, where he tried to calm her. He then injected her with

painkillers and gently loaded her onto a gurney in the vehicle.

Bennett hopped in, and as they drove to meet the hospital ambulance, Fagen fought unconsciousness. "I'm so tired," she moaned, her eyes fluttering shut.

"Lauren, you have to stay awake until we reach the ambulance," said Bennett, taking her hand. "Your life depends on it."

It was another hour until Fagen was transferred to the ambulance, which sped toward the hospital in Nelspruit, the closest town equipped to deal with substantial injuries. Two hours later, Fagen's painkillers had all but worn off, and she was nearly hysterical with pain, as a medical team rolled her into the ER, where a nurse administered anaesthesia.

WHEN SHE AWOKE HOURS later, Fagen learned her right tibia was broken, the ligaments of her left knee were torn, and there were lacerations to her tendons. Her inner-thigh muscles were, according to her attending doctor, "ripped apart." She was lucky to be alive. Had the rescue taken any longer, the lions likely would have hit a major artery.

News of the attack spread quickly around the world, with reports stating that Fagen was trying to "kiss" Duma when he pulled her through the bars. In court documents, the claim that Fagen had made physical contact with the lion would become part of Moholoholo's owner's defence in the lawsuit Fagen filed against him for close to $800,000 (the case has yet to go to court). The owner's plea also states that Fagen violated the safety rules and was at fault for getting too close to the lion.

Fagen adamantly denies trying to kiss Duma and believes that she shouldn't have been left alone to clean a lion's feeding cage when the bars were wide enough for the animal to fit his paws. A volunteer observed that the centre added additional bars to Duma's cage shortly after the incident had occurred. In press reports the founder of Moholoholo said it was the first attack in its 20-year existence. (Moholoholo's owner, on the advice of his lawyer, refused requests to comment on this story.)

Fagen's mother arrived in South Africa three days after the attack to help her daughter through her recovery. It would be several weeks until Fagen was strong enough to travel home.

But before she did, Fagen went back to the centre one last time to see Duma and Tree. Reporters had been asking Fagen if she could forgive the lions for what they had done to her.

Gazing through the fence at the two enormous cats peacefully lounging in the dusty grass, Fagen thought to herself, There's nothing to forgive. I've always understood that animals are wild. R



Our brightest children are among our most vulnerable. In Alberta, educators are rethinking how to meet their needs.

GUIDING the GIFTED

BY MARCELLO DI CINTIO
FROM *SWERVE*
ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER

AT AGE THREE, Reed Ball started playing Monopoly with his family—and beating them. In the late 1980s, he was one of the first kids at his Calgary high school to have a "portable" computer, a six-kilogram Amstrad PPC512. He brought it to class, until one of the school's bullies knocked it out of his hands and down a stairwell.

Reed was a math whiz and used to correct his teachers' science errors. When they warned him he would get lead poisoning if he kept stabbing at his own arm with a pencil, he replied, "Actually, it's graphite." Just before he graduated from high school in 1991, Reed developed software that converted old blueprints into working documents for a major oil company. He began his undergraduate studies in mathematics that September but flunked out a year later. Then, at age 21, Reed swallowed a bottle of over-the-counter pills. He died quietly, with his kitten, Solis, beside him.

"Reed never fit in," says Jennifer Aldred, a friend and schoolmate since the two were eight years old. "My heart broke for him." Children with exceptional intellectual endowments

can also have exceptional emotional sensitivity. Reed's tragedy reveals what can be at stake for these kids, and it inspired Aldred to pursue a career in gifted education. The challenge of teaching them is finding a way to nurture their souls and ease the burden of their great minds.

QUANTITATIVELY, GIFTEDNESS is easy to define: it's considered an IQ of at least around 130—about 30 points higher than those of us with average brains. But intelligence test results fail to tell the whole story. These children might also express heightened physical sensitivities to light, touch and textures. Some parents have to cut the tags out of their kids' clothing, for example, or buy specially designed socks with no seams.

"The gifted don't just think differently; they feel differently," says Janneke Frank, principal of Calgary's Westmount Charter School and an expert in the field. "Emotions can ricochet out of control sometimes." To speak of giftedness as a disability seems counterintuitive. Part of the problem is simply semantic; the word suggests an advantage and does not conjure the intense challenges these children can face.

Depression, self-harm, overexcitability and learning deficits are among the issues to which gifted kids are more prone. A student might be so paralyzed by her own perfectionism, say, that she refuses to hand in any assignments. The same 10-year-old who can set up the school's computer system with the proficiency of a college-educated techie might also throw a tantrum like a toddler if she's not invited to a birthday party. Another child might be so affected by a piece of music that he won't be able to focus on anything else for the rest of the day. For these "twice exceptional" kids, emotional intensity is the evil twin of high intelligence.

ALDRED, TOO, WAS a gifted child. When she and Reed were young, schools offered little tailor-made programming. At Calgary's Prince of Wales Elementary, the administration periodically took the smartest kids from each grade out of their regular classes and grouped them together. No doubt the program developers meant well, but the pullout class wasn't effective. "We sat in dark rooms where we imagined different ways to build stuffed animals and played chess for a while," Aldred remembers.

After graduating from high school, Aldred went to Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., where she completed honours degrees in English and fine arts, followed by a bachelor of education. She returned to Calgary for her practicum and, by coincidence, ended up teaching at her alma mater. By this time, accomplished students had more options available to them.

Prince of Wales was one of five schools running the Calgary Board of Education's Gifted and Talented Education program, or GATE.

Aldred was charged with teaching English literature to GATE students. She'd taught Shakespeare's plays to "regular" teenagers in Ontario and suspected she'd have to find simplified versions for her younger charges at Prince of Wales. She was wrong. "They just got it," Aldred says. Her Grade 4–6 students took to the poetic language immediately and grasped the metaphorical elements in the text better than pupils 10 years older.



"THE GIFTED DON'T JUST THINK DIFFERENTLY; THEY FEEL DIFFERENTLY."

The children's enthusiasm for the material astonished Aldred. The day after she read aloud the first three lines of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, one student came to class dressed as the Queen of the Fairies. Some of these kids seemed as if they'd been waiting their whole lives for Aldred to bring them Shakespeare, Sylvia Plath or Margaret Atwood. What delighted Aldred most was that, despite their sophisticated grasp of the material, the students were still children. "Intellectually, they were at a university level," she says, "but they were trapped in the bodies of little kids who still believed in unicorns."

AFTER HER PRACTICUM, Aldred earned a master's in gifted education at the University of Calgary. By then, her experience had convinced her that gifted students should have their own classrooms and not be scattered among the general school population.

To argue against integration feels counterintuitive. Parents of "regular" kids often wonder why resources and special classrooms are devoted to gifted students. Kathy Stone, the mother of exceptionally intelligent twin boys, remembers an irate father standing up at a meeting with a school superintendent to protest funding a gifted program. "I am so sick of hearing that elitist crap," Stone remembers the man saying. He called children like Stone's sons arrogant, complained that they already had everything and rejected the idea that they needed "country club programming." He noted, "Kids are all the same and should be treated the same."

Nearly all teachers and parents of gifted students, however, consider congregated classrooms essential. "People say it teaches the kids not to get along in the real world," Aldred says. "But I believe it is about survival."

These kids need a place where they can feel safe and accepted for all their various intensities, she insists, a place where they can be themselves.

Janice Robertson* agrees: a congregated gifted program helped her son and possibly even saved his life. Robertson had long been concerned about Mark*. He was an accomplished kid who taught himself to read by the time he was two years old. But a darkness hovered behind his brightness. In preschool, in the late '90s, "he would say things like, 'I'm just going to hurt myself,'" his mother remembers.



SOME KIDS SEEMED LIKE THEY'D BEEN WAITING THEIR WHOLE LIVES TO READ SHAKESPEARE OR SYLVIA PLATH.

Mark's early schooling in Saskatchewan proved difficult. He threw things around the classroom, made animal noises during quiet reading time and hurled snowballs at cars at recess. By the time Mark was seven, a doctor had written him a prescription for Zoloft, an anti-anxiety drug, but it had no effect. "He was driving himself and everyone else crazy," Robertson says. She decided to have Mark tested for giftedness.

These tests are expensive. The Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children (WISC), one of the most common ways to determine giftedness, costs anywhere between $800 and $2,000 to administer. In most cases, teachers will identify a child who should be tested and recommend the school cover the cost. But without a teacher's referral—or if the school's budget for testing runs dry—parents must foot the bill. Mark's family could afford the tests, but that isn't the case for many people earning lower incomes. Advocates like Aldred and Frank worry that, due to financial constraints, many gifted children are not being identified at all.

Mark scored well into the gifted range, but the special programs in Saskatoon's public school system didn't start until Grade 5. Mark's parents decided they couldn't wait. The family moved to Calgary, and Mark started the GATE program at Hillhurst School. After about a year, he settled down and his grades improved. "He wasn't as bored," Robertson says. "There wasn't as much need to create chaos to keep himself entertained." Most importantly, though, was that Mark had found his tribe. "People understood him better."

These days, Mark studies engineering at Queen's. "I honestly believe if we hadn't gotten him into that segregated program, he would have dropped out and started dealing drugs somewhere," Robertson says.

Names have been changed.

NOT ALL STUDENTS feel saved by gifted education, however. Calgarian Alyssa Morton needed to be saved *from* her program.

Morton started to notice her own giftedness in Grade 3, when school became unbearably dull. She often snuck out of her classroom to read in the library. When she did attend class, she pestered her teacher with constant questions. "It was like an itch I couldn't scratch," Morton says. "The thirst to know and understand everything."

In Grade 4, a substitute teacher recognized something exceptional in Morton's misbehaviour and suggested testing her IQ. She scored within the gifted range and started in the GATE program the following year.

In a way, Morton was lucky she was such a pain. Gifted boys tend to combat their boredom by disrupting the class. Often their frustrated teachers send them to be tested for behavioural problems only to discover that the little monsters have off-the-chart IQs. Gifted girls, however, are more likely to turn inward, and their abilities may be overlooked.

Initially, the GATE program was everything Morton wanted. "Every single day I was coming home bursting at the seams," she says. At the dinner table, she rambled on about how she learned about pi. About the pay system of the ancient Incas. "It got to the point that my parents said, 'You need to stop and let everyone else talk about their day as well.'"

The GATE teachers knew how to manage their students' issues. Morton's Grade 6 teacher at Nellie McClung School, Michelle Odland, wrapped everyone's desk in paper so that they could doodle if they needed to. When some of the more sensitive kids complained about the buzz of the fluorescent tube lighting, Odland strung up Christmas bulbs to provide a calmer, quieter light. "This was a teacher who understood we weren't just a bunch of kids who were really smart," Morton says. "She offered us emotional support."

But Morton's dream education ended when she left McClung and started junior high in the GATE program. Morton's new teachers lacked Odland's talent for teaching gifted kids. Instead of assigning expansive projects, they tended to hand out worksheets. Students weren't encouraged to debate concepts anymore but were rather expected to simply sit, listen and behave. Before long, they turned on each other and vented their frustration at Morton. She did not elaborate on the details of her experience, only that the incidents culminated in something she calls the "Terrible Awful." She finally fled the GATE program altogether in Grade 11.

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Now 22, Morton is studying creative writing and journalism at Vancouver Island University. Her eccentricities endure. She hauled 400 books into her tiny dorm room when she moved in, for example, and recently spent an entire night reading all the case files and grand jury testimony in the Michael Brown case in Ferguson, Miss. The "Terrible Awful," though, still haunts her. Morton's doctor recently diagnosed her with PTSD from her school experiences. "I did not handle what happened to me the appropriate way," Morton admits, but she believes much of the blame lies with her GATE teachers. "The people who failed us were those who didn't know what gifted was," she says.

MERCIFULLY, MORTON'S story is an anomaly. Most students like her thrive in the programs designed for them. But her experience exposes the vital role of the teacher in gifted education. Congregation, though essential, is not enough. In the United States, teachers of the gifted need to have certification, but in Canada, no specific training is necessary. Very few teachers possess a focused master's degree like Aldred's.

Principals and administrators typically assign teachers to these programs based on interviews and interest levels. At Westmount, Frank looks for teachers who display humility and flexibility in their thinking.

Empathy is key. For this reason, Frank believes the best teachers of the gifted are gifted themselves. She understands the suggestion may rankle some, but this type of education tends to self-select for gifted teachers anyway. No one understands the nuances of giftedness better than those who have endured them first-hand.

Frank and Aldred stress that gifted students need programs that focus not on the greatness of their brains but on the fragility of their hearts. Aldred quotes from Galway Kinnell's "Saint Francis and the Sow," a poem she teaches her literature students:

...sometimes it is necessary
to reteach a thing its loveliness,
to put a hand on its brow
of the flower
and retell it in words and in touch
it is lovely

"I can't teach them anything," Aldred says. "But I can reteach them their loveliness." R

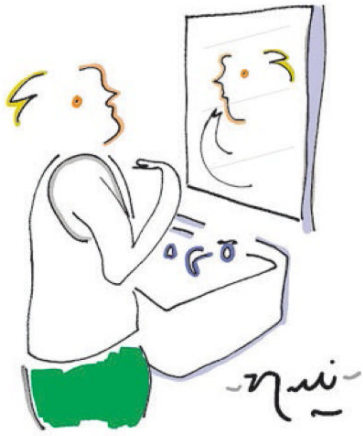
* * *

PROGNOSTICATION FAIL

How come you never see a headline like "Psychic Wins Lottery"?

JAY LENO

Life's Like That



"It's not you. It's me."

ROLLI

INTERNET ETIQUETTE

It's time for Facebook to change "People You May Know" to "People You Definitely Know and Are Actively Avoiding."

@BRIDGER_W

RESIDENTIAL REMINISCING

I admit that I live in the past, but only because the housing is so much cheaper.

Comedian MATT WOHLFARTH

PREHISTORIC DISCOVERIES

The first person to see a sunset was probably like, "Well, this ain't good...."

@CAKETHROTTLE

DINING DIFFICULTIES

I bought a pint of Häagen-Dazs ice cream at the supermarket. As the cashier rang it up, I asked, "How do you pronounce that?"

Speaking slowly and distinctly, he said, "Four dollars and 79 cents."

Every time I say that I'm ready to order in a restaurant, what I really mean is that I'm not ready, but the panic will help me make a decision.

@ADAMHESS1

Are you ready to share your sense of humour? Send us an original joke! See page 11 or visit rd.ca/joke for details.



(PHOTO ASSISTANT) AUDREY BOIVIN; (STYLIST) MÉLANIE LARIVIÈRE; (RETOUCHER) AUDRÉE DESNOYERS; (PHOTO AGENCY) SHOOTSTUDIO.CA

In an era when Canadians' debt-to-income ratio is hitting new highs, a handy refresher on managing money sensibly

SAVE YOURSELF

BY ROBERT R. BROWN

FROM *WEALTHING LIKE RABBITS: AN ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION TO PERSONAL FINANCE*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS LAURENDEAU

IF THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL rule of personal finance is to spend less than you earn (and it is), then we should constantly be looking for ways to do just that. Spending less of our money (or not spending it at all) invariably means that we will have more of it to use somewhere else.

Yet what sounds so obvious is far too often overlooked. If you spend your money on something, you no longer have that cash to use for something else. If a shopper spends $600 on a pair of Jimmy Choo pumps when she could have spent $80 on non-Choo shoes, she's giving over $520 of her money just so that she can be seen wearing designer shoes. That's just craziness, especially when you consider what the $520 could have been used for instead. When you do that, you suddenly realize that her choice wasn't between Choo shoes and non-Choo shoes. It was a choice between Choo shoes and non-Choo shoes plus lunch with a friend, some groceries, a bottle of wine, lipstick, a swim class registration fee, a tank of gas and putting $150 in her TFSA toward a dream trip to Italy.

Economists refer to this as opportunity cost. Actually, an economist will tell you that opportunity cost is defined as "the value of the best alternative forgone, in a situation in which a choice needs to be made between a variety of alternatives given finite resources." (Economists don't get out very much.) All opportunity cost really means is this: maximizing your hard-earned money. It's understanding that, since we all have a limited amount of dollars, we should be using them as effectively as we can. Opportunity cost is bang for your buck.

It's asking yourself, "What could I do with this money instead?"

IT STANDS TO REASON that if you want to be better at spending, the first thing you need to do is better understand how you're spending your money—and where you could cut back. Here, five thrifty tricks for your consideration.

Write everything down, without exception

In a spending summary (also known as a spending journal or expense analysis), you track and categorize every nickel you spend over a period of two months. It doesn't matter if you use cash, credit, debit, cheques or automatic payments. Every time you part with your money and it becomes somebody else's money, you need to be aware of it and document it. After the two months are up, gather all your notations. Then sort them into spending categories. Car payments, gas, groceries, restaurants, lottery tickets, clothes, heating bills, booze, collectibles, snacks, personal items, magazines, everything.

An expense analysis is among the most retentive of tasks you'll ever do, and it really is just about as much fun as it sounds. But few exercises in money management are as eye-opening or impactful as completing a detailed spending journal. Not only will you better understand where your money is going, but you are also far more likely to act on that knowledge by reducing or eliminating whatever wasteful spending habits you've uncovered.

Frequent restaurants less frequently

Everybody knows it's best to avoid grocery shopping on an empty stomach, but maybe we should apply the same wisdom whenever we go out for dinner. Imagine how much money would be saved if we all chowed down on a stack of pancakes before we went out to a fancy restaurant!

Okay, maybe that's not a great idea. But we really do need to find some palatable ways to help us cut back on our restaurant spending. On any given day, there are 18 million visits to restaurants in Canada. Collectively, we spend around $70 billion every year in food purchases, not including groceries.

It's great to dine out on special occasions, but we need to reconsider what constitutes a reason to rejoice. Let's not diminish the "special" part of special occasions by celebrating at a restaurant three times a week. Consider going out for breakfast on Valentine's Day at a beautiful restaurant rather than indulging in an overpriced five-course dinner for two. Opt for a home-cooked meal with friends on a Saturday night rather than dining at the latest hot spot. If you do head out, stay away from wine, beer and cocktails (restaurants mark up alcoholic beverages dramatically); and skip appetizers, desserts or both.

Devoted drivers: buy, don't lease

Cars are expensive. With the possible exception of their houses, many Canadians will spend (and waste) more money on their vehicles throughout their lives than on anything else. It's helpful to think about what a car's purpose should be. Its purpose isn't to help us look cool or falsely elevate our social status. It is *definitely* not an investment. The purpose of a car is to transport us from point A to point B, safely, reliably, comfortably and economically.

If you can get by without a vehicle, do so. For as long as you possibly can. However, should you choose to get a car, you will need to decide whether to lease or buy. You should buy. Leasing basically means that you rent the car for the duration of the lease. At the end of the lease, you can walk away with nothing to show for your money or you can buy the car outright from

the leasing company. If you do this, you will end up paying more for the vehicle than if you had simply bought it new in the first place. If you return the car at the end of the lease, you may be subject to repair bills. There are also strict limits on the number of kilometres you are allowed to drive during a lease. Go over the allowable amount and you have to pay a fee for every additional kilometre clocked.

Advocates of leasing will point out that monthly payments for a leased car are smaller than they would be if you had purchased and financed the same car. And they're right. However, the price you pay for those smaller instalments is continuing to make them throughout the duration of your lease. As long as you are leasing, you are paying. And paying.

Do it yourself whenever possible

Avoid outsourcing your life. These days you can employ someone to assemble your Ikea furniture, scoop your dog's poop, program your remote control and change your light bulbs. You can hire someone to create a photo album for you or to clear the clutter out of your garage. You can pay someone to cut your grass, trim your hedge, shovel your snow, clean your house, do your laundry, wash your dishes, buy your groceries or prepare all your meals. When exactly did we become so helpless? And does that even matter, if we can afford to pay?

The problem is, most people can't afford it. Are you spending $250 to get your car detailed and then complaining about not being able to save any money? Try this! Grab a bucket of soapy water, a cloth and a garden hose. Use Q-tips to clean those hard-to-reach interior places and now you're detailing!

Of course, there are some situations when we need to pay for some help or expertise. No one who is not a licensed electrician should be wiring your air conditioner into the electrical panel. If you are at the office 10 hours a day, you'll need someone to walk the dog. It's tough to stay on top of everything that needs to be done in our hectic lives. But if you're paying someone to wash your dishes so you can spend more time bonding with your children, hand the kids a couple of dishcloths and spend some quality time together at the sink. They'll survive the experience and so will you.

Pay off holidays before taking them

Vacation: a welcome period of rest and relaxation, spent away from work and home. A vacation is having nothing to do and all day to do it. There's

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a reason adults look forward to vacations like children anticipate the Christmas season.

Unfortunately, holidays are another area where we tend to overspend. The easiest way to avoid this is to save up for our vacations: don't go away on borrowed money or you'll come back to more stress than you were trying to escape. Interestingly, there are some people who are not typically savers who are able to plan and save for their vacations, even if they are months or even years away. The planning and saving is part of the experience. For them, the preparation and anticipation is half the fun. They like to go online and source the best local restaurants. They find the best sites, the best tours and the best places to stay. (And "best" doesn't have to mean expensive.)

If money is tight, consider visiting sites closer to home. Chances are there are destinations in your area that people from other countries are travelling to see but you haven't visited. It's surprising how many residents of Ontario have never been up the CN Tower, toured the Parliament Buildings or walked through Old Montreal. There are folks in Vancouver who have never visited Whistler and folks in Calgary who have never experienced Banff or Lake Louise. Check out your own backyard.

Vacations can be wonderful, even restorative. One of the best things about them is that they are among the few items we spend our money on that actually get better over time: our vacations and the memories they create continue to be special, even improve, years after the trip has ended. Just be sure you're not still paying for your getaway while you're reminiscing about it.

WHEN WE SPEND BETTER, we have more money left over after... to spend. When we spend better, it also makes it easier for us to save, which is ultimately about being able to spend in the future. In the end, spending better is about spending more... better. Opportunity cost is asking yourself, "What could I do with this money instead?"

What will you do with your money? R

* * *

NATURAL SELECTION

What should you do when you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?

GEORGE CARLIN

In the lush hills of northern India, Darjeeling is more than a beverage—it's a way of life

TO A TEA

BY ANDREW McCARTHY
FROM *NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC TRAVELER*

HIGH IN THE FOOTHILLS of the Himalayas, at the northern tip of the Indian state of West Bengal, I'm searching for the best cup of tea in the world. It started innocently enough. One morning at home in New York, I sleepily looked at the contents of the cup in my hand and wondered, Where does this come from?



XPACIFICA/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE

Harvesters at the Glenburn Tea Estate.

Tea today is an industry of approximately US$40 billion; after water, it is the most popular drink on the planet. But there is only one place that produces what has come to be known as "the champagne of teas," a distinctive light brew with a telltale muscatel flavour: these slopes in eastern India. So here I am in Darjeeling.

THE BRITISH SET UP an outpost in this part of the world in the 19th century. The area around Darjeeling soon became a summer retreat for colonists who wanted to escape the heat of the plains, and the climate proved ideal for cultivating tea. An industry was born. A railway sliced through the mountains by 1881, connecting the village to the wider world, and Darjeeling grew.

Political unrest came and went and has returned, with many locals striving to establish an independent state of Gorkhaland. Today, Darjeeling maintains a precarious hold on itself. Narrow twisting lanes, far too small for the cars that now drive them, carve into the hills.

Darjeeling was designed by the British for 10,000 people. By 2011, the population was estimated to be more than 10 times that number, around 132,000 residents. "This has become a concrete jungle," local Sailesh Sarda tells me over a pot of green pearl in Nathmulls Tea Room. "But it's very cosmopolitan; people are happy. I would not give up this town for anything." Sarda's great-grandfather opened Nathmulls in 1931, and it's been the family business since. "You go to someone's home, the first thing offered is a cup of tea," he says. "Conversation, connection, it happens with a cup of tea."

The region produces between nine and 10 million kilograms of tea a year, yet thousands more tons worldwide are grown and harvested elsewhere, then stamped "Darjeeling." A consortium has been created to protect the brand by establishing strict guidelines and growing areas where the tea must be produced if it's to carry the pedigreed label.

While Darjeeling's streets are crowded and in decline, this is not the sweltering, swarming, jumbled India. It's a high-country outpost with cool air that feels as if it has more in common, geographically and culturally, with nearby Nepal and Bhutan than with Delhi or Kolkata. I sip a mango lassi and eat *momo* dumplings in a small restaurant, where a picture of the Dalai Lama hangs above the counter.

Each morning, I pay a few rupees to a woman named Jojo, who heats water over an open fire, then hands me a plastic cup filled with a strong, hot, murky infusion that could melt steel. Nearby, stalls selling produce shake themselves into order. A butcher's cleaver dices just-throttled chickens. The aroma of wood fires, tainted with the smells of horse manure and

frying noodles, scars the crisp air. Down in the lower part of town, Chowk Bazaar is throbbing at all hours.

"If this market is closed, Darjeeling is closed," Ratan Lepcha tells me from the stall where his family has sold tea for 80 years. "You must try the autumn flush; it is a strong tea, my favourite." Everyone in Darjeeling, it seems, has a favourite. And with four major harvests a year, each producing very different grades of leaves that can be transformed during processing into black, white, green or oolong teas, Darjeeling is a connoisseur's mecca.

BUILT IN THE MID-1800S and adopted as a boarding house by tea planters and other members of the British Raj, the Windamere Hotel is proudly stuck in time. In a dingy parlour, two women in lace aprons serve afternoon tea. "We have restored, not renovated," managing director Elizabeth Clarke assures me over a cup of first flush, the light and floral tea made from the first harvest of the season in March.

While being in town affords endless opportunities to sample every variety of the local brew, to get a true feel for Darjeeling tea, you need to head to the hills. All of the 87 licensed tea estates here are a variation on a theme. Women wearing head scarves or wide-brimmed hats stalk fields full of millions of tea trees, hand-plucking two leaves and a bud, then tossing them over their shoulders into wicker baskets on their backs. Each will pick hundreds, even thousands of leaves during an eight-hour shift.



A tea seller samples her wares.

Tea estates are micro-universes, with their own caste systems. They support hundreds, sometimes thousands of people under the supervision of managers. A lion of a man dressed in a vaguely military uniform that implies a nod to British imperialism, Rajah Banerjee presides over the Makaibari Tea Estates and is one of the few owners who run their enterprises hands on. He maintains he never intended for things to turn out that way.

During a visit home while at university in London, Banerjee was thrown from his horse, landed in a tea tree,

XPACIFICA/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE



A woman steeps brews of various shades and flushes at the Makaibari Tea Estates.

and got back up with a white-light realization that his destiny lay on the 420-hectare property. More than 40 years later, his passion for Makaibari and its teas is undiminished.

"Darjeeling tea is craft, not industry," he says. "The personality of each estate is reflected in the cup. You can taste it." Banerjee claims he was the first tea grower in Darjeeling to make his product organic. Part P. T. Barnum, part farmer, part aesthete, he rambles at length about the spirit of Makaibari, the opportunity for reflection his tea offers and his desire to bring it to the wider world, thus walking into a new era of peace for humanity.

It's a lot to ask of a cup of tea, but Banerjee's charisma is undeniable, his passion infectious. Sitting in his office, sipping a subtle white tea, I find many of his grandiose notions not only plausible but inevitable. Once again, the lubrication of a smooth cup of Darjeeling leads to a surprising conversation and connection.

TO THE NORTHEAST of Makaibari, beneath teak and pomelo trees, the Glenburn Tea Estate offers what may be the softest landing in the Darjeeling hills. The airy hotel set on a 650-hectare working tea plantation has me lingering longer than expected. "What keeps us going is the pursuit of the ever-elusive perfect cup of tea," says Sanjay Sharma, the estate manager at the time (he has since been replaced by a fellow named Parveez Hussain). "All of these tea trees, all the people working in the field, in the processing centre—at the end of the day, it's about what ends up in the cup."

What has ended up in my cup early one morning is a strong second flush—made from the season's second harvest, in June—plucked from some of the trees surrounding my bedroom. The infusion has a rich amber colour, a woodsy strength and a long finish. The sky has been hazy for my entire stay; I haven't had a single glimpse of the sacred peak

XPACIFICA/NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE

Kanchenjunga and the Himalayas. But as the dark begins to scatter, the ridgeline of the famous mountain range asserts itself. I slip from my bed and walk to the window. Kanchenjunga rises above the rest.

I take another long pull from my cup. The brew has just the right combination of astringency and smoothness. It's difficult to imagine a more satisfying cup of tea than this.

Later in the day, bouncing along another single-lane track, my spine has had enough. Relief presents itself in the form of a wooden bench beside a small cement-and-wood hut in the shade of magnolia trees. It's a primitive store operated by 26-year-old Bimala. She's of Rai heritage, her people originally hailing from Nepal. She makes me a cup of tea without prompting.

Work is scarce in the valley; with her modest shop, Bimala supports her parents, brothers, their wives and five nieces and nephews. They all share the small home just a few steps from her roadside stand. Her day, she tells me, starts at 4 a.m. She prepares simple meals and sells vegetables, though her bestseller is a home-brewed rice wine. The business is a testament to perseverance, yet Bimala sometimes feels like giving up.

"The people here get paid once a month," she says, "so they buy from me on credit. Then they don't pay."

She invites me into her home. I scan the small, well-kept rooms, the hard-mat beds. We look at a faded photo of her grandparents. Beneath the house is an enclosure with two bony cows. The nearby pigpen is empty. "The pig died." A hen sits in a basket, and chicks scamper underfoot.

We walk back to her shop. She refills my cup.

I've had finer, richer, more nuanced tea. But Bimala's hospitality takes away any bitterness my chipped porcelain cup may contain. I'm reminded of something I heard early on in Darjeeling: "Tea is the people's drink."

Bimala's father calls to her from the house; she withdraws. I sit and watch the clouds cascade down from the hills. In time, Bimala returns and smiles her sad smile. She pours herself a cup of tea and sits with me. Looking out, we sip our drinks in silence. Fog settles around us. I empty my chipped cup. Bimala refills it. As I raise it, she raises her own.

Our rims of porcelain touch and she smiles again. This time the sadness is gone; she is simply a beautiful young woman enjoying a simple pleasure. The fog lifts as suddenly as it had descended. The sun pours down. The ground steams. Now I'm grinning, too, sipping what is, without question, the single best cup of tea I've ever tasted. R

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As Kids See It



"I took his phone away."

THE OTHER DAY my eight-year-old, Luke, wanted to play Name That Tune. When I hummed "O Canada," he guessed the correct song title right away. Then it was his turn. He started humming the same thing. I said, "Luke, it's 'O Canada.' I just did that one." He came back with, "Yeah, but I'm doing it in French."

VERONICA RANKIN, *Tillsonburg, Ont.*

AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: What's orange and sounds like a parrot?
A: A carrot.

Source: jokes4us.com

MY SIX-YEAR-OLD daughter, Sunna, was trying out new words, hoping to sound more adult.

"Actually," she said, "plants come from seeds."

"That's right," I agreed. "Actually. That's a big word. Do you want to know another one?"

"What?" she said, eyes lighting up.

"Therefore," I replied.

Barely skipping a beat, she put the new word to use.

"Papa," she said, "I'll always be there for you!"

PAUL HALLELUJAH, *Pitt Meadows, B.C.*

Do your children make you chuckle? A funny kid story could get you a free year's subscription. See page 11 for details.

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Elizabeth Abbott explores the long history of the human-canine bond

An *Uncomplicated* Love

FROM *DOGS & UNDERDOGS: FINDING HAPPINESS AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LEASH*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JANICE KUN

THE FIRST DOG I EVER LOVED was Mike the Airedale terrier. I was a toddler when I spent two summers with his people—my great-aunt and great-uncle—in the idyllic Ontario village of St. Marys. Mike would sit with us in an armchair as we took tea and listened to the radio; he'd lope beside me as I played outside. And when I was sad or homesick for my parents in Montreal, he'd lean against me as I hugged him.

As I got older, I began to lobby my parents for a dog. Even after I'd demolished my mother's list of objections—a dog would need to be walked (I'd walk it!); would shed hair on the living room furniture (I'd keep it in my room); leave muddy paw prints on the floors (I'd mop them up); bark and bother the neighbours (I'd train it not to); and put an end to my summers at camp (so what? I'd give up anything for my dog)—she adamantly opposed the idea.

Two years later, suddenly and serendipitously, my family did get a dog—or rather, my father got one. It happened when he fulfilled his lifelong dream of becoming a gentleman farmer and bought an 80-hectare farm nestled between Saint-Benoît-du-Lac Abbey and Lake Memphremagog in Quebec. Astonishingly, Roswell Farm included Sandy, a mature St. Bernard.

Dad warned me that, although Sandy was a trusty watchdog, she was also bad-tempered, nippy and wanted only minimal contact with the humans who provided her food and shelter. So my siblings and I kept our distance, and whenever one of us forgot and moved too close, Sandy would growl a reminder. But an extraordinary thing happened. Sandy fell in love with Dad and he loved her right back, lavishing her with treats, companionship and regular tramps around the property.

Then Sandy surprised us by producing a litter of eight. She was a ferociously protective mother, and only my father could go near her pups. I pleaded to have one. My parents' response was unequivocal: "No." For years my hunger for dogs remained just that—a hunger. My parents were always generous. They just never gave me the gift I truly wanted.

WHEN I WAS 20, a fourth-year undergraduate history student living away from home, I gave myself that gift. Sam was an adult German shepherd–Irish setter crossbreed, and life with him was as glorious and fulfilling as I'd always imagined. But when Sam was middle-aged, my partner and I moved to a rural area outside of Montreal, an unfenced doggy paradise—until the afternoon Sam

interrupted hunters from the city, who turned their sights on him instead of the deer that got away.

Although I got Sam to the veterinary clinic alive, he passed away minutes later. "The hunter must have held his rifle right up against his chest," the vet told me. "He pulverized your poor dog, Madame. There was nothing I could do to save him."

I grieved for weeks. Sam had been so happy, and I'd loved him so much. But his death confirmed that I didn't want to live without a dog of my own. My next dog was Jean-Paul, a sleek and sturdy standard black dachshund that inspired my lifelong fondness for his breed. His unexpected death at a veterinary clinic treating him for a chronic skin condition broke my heart.

> LONG BEFORE I KNEW WHAT DOG RESCUE WAS, JOEY, MY ENGLISH BULLDOG, RESCUED ME.

FOR OVER A YEAR after JP's death, I lived without a dog. My changed circumstances—a breakup, a new relationship, lodgings that prohibited pets—made it impossible to have one. Plus, I was spending an inordinate amount of time in the library working on my doctoral thesis. But I finished it and graduated, and moved into a dog-tolerant apartment with the man I would later marry. I soon overcame his objections to sharing our home with a dog and plunged into the task of finding one.

I wanted a dog without any resemblance to JP, whose death haunted me. The English bulldog was such a creature, and my fiancé approved. The SPCA had none, but an ad in the *Montreal Star* included an English bulldog in its list of available puppies, along with a Vermont phone number. When I reached John, the advertiser, he offered me a five-month-old male pup from Kansas. The price was $350, and to confirm the sale, I had to deposit $175 into John's Canadian bank account.

I endured two months of silence, queasy misgivings and my friends' ominous predictions that I would never hear from John again. Then, out of the blue, he phoned with a delivery date and a reminder that he

expected cash. He arrived hours late, heaving a crated English bulldog into the apartment.

Joey—I'd named him after my grandfather's Boston terrier—stumbled out of his cage and collapsed onto the living room floor, making no attempt to explore or even to get up. Euphoric, I crouched down to kiss and hug him.

John responded desultorily to my comments and questions. Yes, Joey must be exhausted after a full day's travel. But the reason he wasn't moving around was that he didn't know how to walk yet. "First time he's been out of his cage in 10 months," John said.

I rocked back on my heels and stared. "I don't understand! Didn't they walk him? And I thought you said he was seven months old!"

John shook his head. "Oh, they fed him and everything, but they were waiting for someone to buy him. For 10 months, according to his paperwork."

At that time—1972—I had no idea about puppy mills. Decades later, I recalled this conversation and was thunderstruck. Joey—born in Kansas, raised with minimal expense and attention, plagued by deformed knees and congestive heart disease—had been the product of a puppy mill.

Despite his wonky knees and weak heart, Joey learned to walk; but his gait was clumsy, and after half a city block, he would pant and wheeze. If I wanted a brisk outing, Joey had to stay home. On the other hand, whenever I needed a confidant and companion, Joey was at my side. Long before I knew what dog rescue was, Joey rescued me. My marriage was unravelling just as I'd become pregnant, and I couldn't bear to tell anyone, even my immediate family. When I rented a room at the YWCA, I confided in only two friends and, wordlessly, in Joey.

Because the Y didn't permit dogs, I moved him into my office: that way, Joey wouldn't be lonely and I'd have his company as I worked. No one suspected that late at night I'd go to the Y to sleep and then rush back early the next morning to walk my dog. In the evenings and on weekends I'd hug him and weep on his massive shoulder; he'd lean against me as if he understood my pain.

Joey also brought hilarity to my life. One morning, as he waddled along tony Sherbrooke Street, he squatted down and expelled a nylon foot from a discarded pantyhose he must have retrieved from the wastebasket and swallowed. I stepped on the foot and, as Joey kept walking, waited until the leg followed. As I tugged out the rest of the offending hosiery, Joey winced and then shuffled off, oblivious to the laughter behind him.



After months of counselling and negotiation, I returned home. His role as my rescuer having ended, Joey resumed a pleasanter life as my dog. A month later, my son, Ivan, arrived. Although Joey expressed his displeasure by pooping outside the nursery door, he soon embraced Ivan as the other love of his life.

BY 1991, MORE THAN a dozen curious and loving dogs had come into my life, each one with special quirks and talents. I had also become the dean of women at the University of Toronto's Trinity College and set about establishing a household for my now-teenaged son, our pets and myself in a new city.

I first saw Rachel on a CityTV program featuring adoptable animals from the Toronto Humane Society. She was a scruffy, sight-impaired poodle cross with an enlarged heart, severe dental decay and black fur streaked whitish by age. I took her home.

I cannot pinpoint the moment I looked at Rachel and saw a therapy dog. I think the idea crept into my consciousness after I read an article about how Sharon Evans, an occupational therapist, had introduced a pet therapy program into Mount Sinai Hospital, located a few minutes away from Trinity College. For bedridden adults Rachel seemed a perfect canine visitor. She was clever, cuddly and obedient, and she craved human companionship. She knew what people wanted and how to make them give her what she wanted. She was so petite she could sit on a bed without disturbing its occupant, and when she was upset, she never nipped.

> LOVE PLAYS A STARRING ROLE IN THE HUMAN-ANIMAL BOND—IT IS AT THE VERY ROOT OF THIS DYNAMIC.

Sharon was the key to what would develop into the Trinity–Mount Sinai pet therapy program. She had begun to mine the growing body of literature about fledgling pet therapy programs. Animal companionship relieved stress, lowered blood pressure, dried tears and chased away sadness and despair, she read. The company of dogs allowed geriatric patients with deteriorating verbal skills to communicate. Pet therapy, Sharon concluded, would greatly benefit Mount Sinai patients.

It took her two years of research and writing letters and reports, but in 1993 Sharon finally had her pet therapy program. But there was something missing: a steady supply of dogs. Enter Rachel (and me). Eventually, I realized I had much more than my little dog to offer: I also had a unique group of university students. And by creating a program facilitated by dogs, I could build a bridge between them and Mount Sinai.

EACH YEAR, ABOUT 35 to 45 Trinity students, 90 per cent female, visited the hospital with five or six dogs, three of whom did most of the visits. Schedules for the visits were created after resolving such scenarios as this one: on Thursday, five students were available—four for the afternoon shift, one for the morning, when at least one more was needed; a dachshund and a miniature schnauzer were available for the afternoon, but only if the schnauzer could be picked up at his house; three of the students much preferred the psychiatric ward, but the nursing station on the geriatric ward reported five patient requests for visits; and the psychiatric ward favoured large dogs, but only a smaller one was available. It was surprisingly challenging to coordinate human and canine schedules.

My beagle Russell was a superlative therapist. In 1998, Ann and Pete Wilson, who foster dogs for Animal Alliance of Canada, had taken him in temporarily. When Ann told me Russell urgently needed a home, I adopted him. I had room in my apartment and my heart: my splendid and energetic German shepherd Dolly had passed away from a neurological disease.

Russell was a feisty middle-aged dog notable for two things: his severely deformed front legs and his passion for female dogs. He'd adored his mother, and after she had been snared in a wildlife trap and died, he'd sunk into a deep depression. The day I brought him home, Russell scraped his paws bloody as he struggled along the unfamiliar pavement. At the entrance to the dean's suite, he limped up to Rachel and nipped her face, drawing blood. But afterwards he fell in love with her, and soon she was snuggled contentedly against him in their shared basket.

At first, Russell wasn't therapy material; if anything, to judge by his obsession with Rachel, he needed his own therapist. But as he calmed down and settled into life with other dogs, cats and a loving, non-abusive human, he flowered. Instead of scuffling along, he tried to lift his paws high as if he were a Lipizzaner-beagle hybrid. He was no longer visibly surprised and confused by affectionate handling, and when I petted or cuddled him,



he'd pant with pleasure. He also stopped hesitating when other humans approached him, as they often did, drawn to him because of his awkward gait and his striking handsomeness; as he listened to them, his strong, emotional character would win them over.

Once at Mount Sinai Hospital, my enthusiastic, expressive beagle limped happily from one patient to the next, drawing them out and lightening their burdens. In 1999, to my delight, Russell was honoured at the volunteer recognition ceremony. When he was called up onstage to accept his award, I helped him up the steps. And then, dapper in his pet therapy uniform and pleased as ever to be the centre of attention, Russell stood on that stage looking out at an audience of well-dressed fellow volunteers and well-wishers. As they applauded, he gazed at them delightedly: "You like me! You really like me!" Then he began a regal walk-around, looking graciously out at his admirers, until I gently pulled him away and the laughter subsided.

OUR THERAPY DOGS served the psychiatric patients especially well. Its patients were ambulatory and usually hospitalized for short periods of time, and most were young or middle-aged. We didn't visit individual rooms; instead, the pet therapy team waited in the common room, where patients interested in engaging with the dogs joined them.

Casey the collie, a patient favourite, would simply sit and wait for people to approach. Most patients would greet him as "Lassie," and as they'd pet him, they'd talk about the dogs in their own lives, past and present. Claire Hicks, then a volunteer and now a lawyer, recalled that Marley, her black Labrador–border collie cross, had similar experiences. Like Casey, Marley was an emotionally intuitive dog that would stand even straighter and more proudly when Claire would fasten on her pet therapy coat. In the psychiatric ward, she gave patients kisses and lapped water from cups they offered her. Marley sensed their goodwill and responded with outpourings of love.

Scientists tell us that the blissful, calming effect people experience through contact with a friendly dog—an experience that's at the heart of pet therapy—is rooted in neurochemistry and is the result of oxytocin, "the cuddle hormone," surging through the veins of both cuddled dog and cuddling human. Oxytocin may explain how humans transformed wolves into "man's best friend," creating relationships essential for our mutual well-being.

Love plays a starring role in the human-animal bond, as Jessica Langer, a former volunteer (along

with her bichon, Serendipity), told me. She placed it at the very root of this dynamic. "Our love for dogs—and theirs for us—is so deep, but the relationship is so very simple. And that uncomplicated love is the foundation of why pet therapy works. It's what so many of us crave and so few of us get, especially in our darker times. Not to say that human love can't be unconditional, but it's never uncomplicated. The love of a dog is simple. That's why it's so important."

RACHEL DIED AT 17 of a massive stroke, a year after I had retired her from pet therapy. Russell, devastated, looked everywhere for her. At the hospital, he couldn't concentrate. A few weeks later I introduced him to Rosie, a cheerful old dachshund that had been dumped outside a rural humane society. Russell immediately attached himself to her, cuddling and licking her, even refusing to eat if she wasn't around. Soon, I was taking Rosie to Mount Sinai.

Her tenure was short but brilliant, and she won the Pet Therapy Top Volunteer award for 2002–03. After befriending a senior patient with a terminal condition, she would sit quietly cuddling him while he stroked her, his eyes closed. One day I received a request from volunteer services: would Rosie agree to be photographed for an article about Mount Sinai? Well, yes, she certainly would. I carried Rosie to where her friend waited and then watched as they were photographed together, the dying man smiling serenely as he leaned against her soft, squashy body.

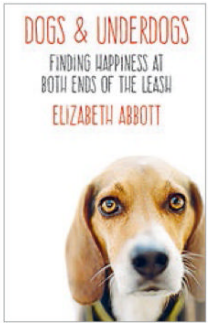
Meanwhile, I was becoming known for my connection with old dogs, and after a rescue contacted me about a dog named Pumpkin, I took her in. In urgent need of palliative care, she was a failed hunting dog that had been banished to an enclosed backyard, where she and another rejected beagle were fed erratically and sheltered only by a collapsed lean-to.

This happiest of fat old dogs had a cancerous eye. After it was removed, she was given a prognosis of six to 18 months. The vet also diagnosed a diseased liver. Yet, despite medical crises and chronic pain, Pumpkin was a shining spirit that sprinkled her magical dream dust everywhere she pattered.

AFTER A HEALTH SCARE of my own, I began to spend weekends at home rather than at the college residence. These weekends would always begin with a chaotic trek—with Rosie resting comfortably in a bag on my

FROM *DOGS & UNDERDOGS: FINDING HAPPINESS AT BOTH ENDS OF THE LEASH* BY ELIZABETH ABBOTT. COPYRIGHT © ELIZABETH ABBOTT, 2015. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF PENGUIN CANADA, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE CANADA LIMITED.

aching shoulder, Pumpkin walking, and Russell in a stop-and-start protest as his aching legs rebelled. I would have to carry him as far as I could before releasing him and resuming our ungainly struggle toward the subway, then the streetcar, and finally the short walk leading to peace in our very own paradise, the coolness of our high-ceilinged Victorian row house.



Reader's digest
EDITORS' CHOICE

Monday mornings the college beckoned, but thanks to my friend Henri Pilon, then a colleague and neighbour, my dogs and I returned in the luxury of a car. It was never simple. Pumpkin and Rosie would wait excitedly on the street corner until Henri's car appeared, but Russell was one of those rare dogs that are violently carsick. On our first two Mondays, he threw up all over me and the back of the front seat. In his panic Russell would also shed profusely, ejecting his fur so it layered the entire back seat.

Few friends would be as forbearing as Henri was, but his cat Pablo, a temperamental warrior that made the whining, upchucking Russell look like a wimp, had seasoned him. Whenever Pablo's whims went unindulged—for example, if Henri tried to stand up, which meant dislodging the ferocious feline from his lap—Pablo would snarl and attack. Henri always kept a bottle of hydrogen peroxide, a tube of Polysporin and sterile pads at the ready. One fine evening, Russell and I visited Henri's house for a glass of wine. When I inquired about the gauze wrapped around his hand, Henri shrugged it off. "Pablo was mad at me. But that happens only one per cent of the time."

I looked at the blood oozing from the bandage. "That's a pretty big one per cent, my friend."

Russell, understanding all, refrained from comment. R

* * *

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GET SMART!



13 Things You Should Know About Negotiating

BY LARA ZARUM

1 Learn to improvise. Pay close attention to what your partner is expressing and be willing to step outside your comfort zone.

2 Jot down what you want. Written plans help you focus on achieving your goals, instead of getting flustered, says Marty Latz, founder of the training and consulting firm Latz Negotiation Institute.

3 If someone offers a good deal, be sure it's worth the risk to ask for more. As Harvard Business School prof Michael Wheeler writes in 2013's *The Art of Negotiation*, "When someone hands you a tasty piece of cake, with rich frosting to boot, think twice about asking for sprinkles on top."

4 Be a copycat. A 2007 study of the effects of mimicry on negotiation found that 10 out of 15 buyers who subtly copied their partners' mannerisms during the process achieved a deal. Only two out of 16 buyers who didn't mirror succeeded.

ISTOCKPHOTO

5 Know your triggers. Gail Levitt, president of Levitt Communications Inc. and a facilitator at York University's Schulich School of Business in Toronto, says understanding what affects you emotionally makes it easier to avoid taking things personally and concentrate instead on solving the conflict.

6 When negotiating for money—selling your car or boosting your salary, for example—ask for a range, not a fixed number. This approach may make it harder for your partner to counter with a lower sum.

7 Small talk goes a long way. Researchers from Stanford, Columbia and Northwestern universities followed people participating in email-based negotiations. One group went straight to business; members of the second began by telling their partners about themselves. Chatty negotiators reached an agreement 59 per cent of the time, while business-centred participants succeeded only 39 per cent of the time.

8 Demonstrate potential rather than listing accomplishments. A 2012 Harvard Business School and Stanford University study measured how participants felt about a hypothetical job candidate. Respondents felt a person who lacked experience but had potential would be more successful than one with experience but fewer prospects for improvement.

9 Beware the gender disparity. According to Linda Babcock and Sara Laschever, authors of *Women Don't Ask*, 20 per cent of women admit they don't negotiate at all—and those who do negotiate ask for 30 per cent less than men on average.

10 Don't fall prey to "negotiation myopia," a strategic mistake in which one party fails to see a solution that's mutually beneficial. Look for a resolution with which both sides can be happy.

11 Update your boss regularly on your accomplishments. If you save them all for one negotiation session, you're in danger of coming across as needy.

12 Have a fallback position. "If you've got a great Plan B, you'll have a more powerful negotiation," Latz says. "The easier it is to walk, the more likely you are to achieve your goals."

13 Be soft on the person and hard on the problem. Levitt says, "Ask yourself, 'What do I want the other party to say or do at the end of the conversation?' If the answer is, 'Change into somebody else,' that's not an appropriate outcome." R

That's Outrageous!

WELL, THAT ESCALATED QUICKLY

BY LINDA BESNER

FASHION STATEMENT

In January, Iain Fogerty, 45, wore his political opinions on his chest: he stood, smiling and waving, next to campaigners at a rally for Australia's Liberal National Party in Brisbane, clad in a T-shirt that read "I'm With Stupid." The joke wasn't appreciated. Before long, 15 police officers arrived to arrest Fogerty for being a public nuisance. While charges were dropped, Fogerty's contentious garment gained the attention of the State Library of Queensland, which asked to add the shirt to its collection of election memorabilia.



SEEING RED

Like so many senior promgoers before her, South Carolina resident Shafer Rupard was jazzed about her outfit—a red hat, black leather jacket, black shirt and red skinny jeans. But after the teen hit the dance floor in April 2014, a teacher told her she was committing a fashion faux pas; apparently, it was inappropriate for a girl to wear red pants. Rupard was told to leave and didn't return to the dance. The dress code made no mention of a "no red jeans" rule, however, and the administration eventually apologized.

PLAINTIVE PATRONAGE

When Ben Edelman ordered from Sichuan Garden in Brookline, Mass., in December 2014, he was charged $4 more than what was advertised online. When the patron emailed to ask why, manager Ran Duan apologetically explained the site's prices were out of date. Edelman, an attorney and Harvard professor, told Duan that by charging more than advertised, he was breaking Massachusetts law. Edelman asked for a $12 refund—triple the amount he was overcharged, as the state consumer protection statute recommends. When Duan didn't agree, his customer alerted the authorities. Eventually, Edelman got a refund, and he later publicly expressed regret for his behaviour.

PIERRE LORANGER

MORE GREAT READS THIS MONTH

Rd.ca/August



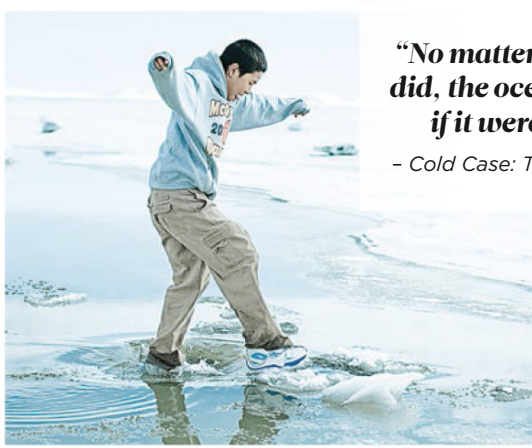
FOOD

3 Iced Tea Recipes to Help Beat the Heat

TRAVEL

10 BEST CANADIAN SLEEPOVER CAMPS FOR ADULTS





RD CLASSIC

"No matter what our volunteers did, the ocean sucked it away as if it were coming after us."

– Cold Case: The Town That Melted Away

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(ICED TEA, CANOE) ISTOCKPHOTO; (KID) KEVIN HORAN

Brainteasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 132.

BY MARCEL DANESI

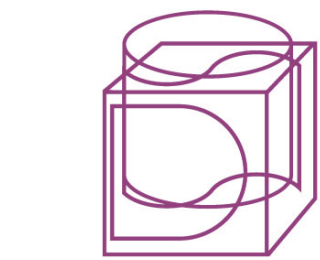
LETTER SUMS *(Moderately difficult)*
Each letter from A to I stands for one of the nine numbers listed. No two letters have the same numeric value. Match each letter to a number to make the equations work.

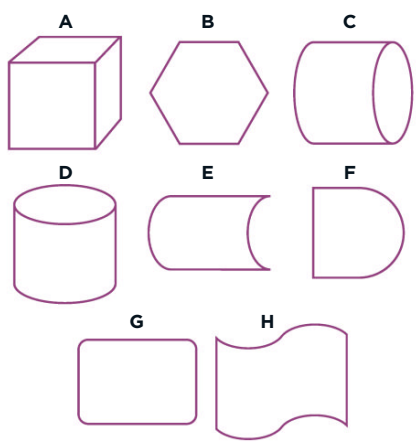
Number list:

1	4	5
8	12	16
17	18	21

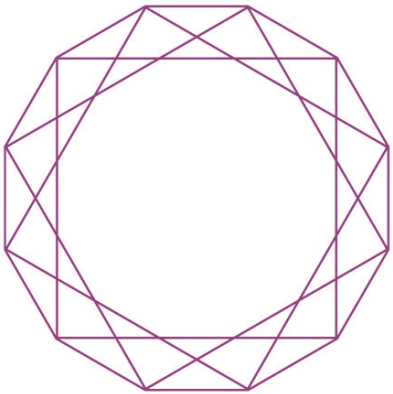
F = A + B
C = B + B
D = B + C
G = B + D
I = A + E
E = D + F
H = F + G

FINE FIGURES *(Easy)*
Which four separate figures below went into the combined image?

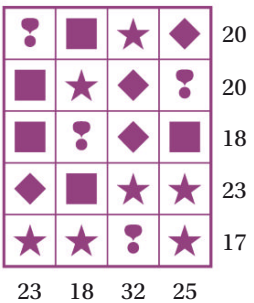




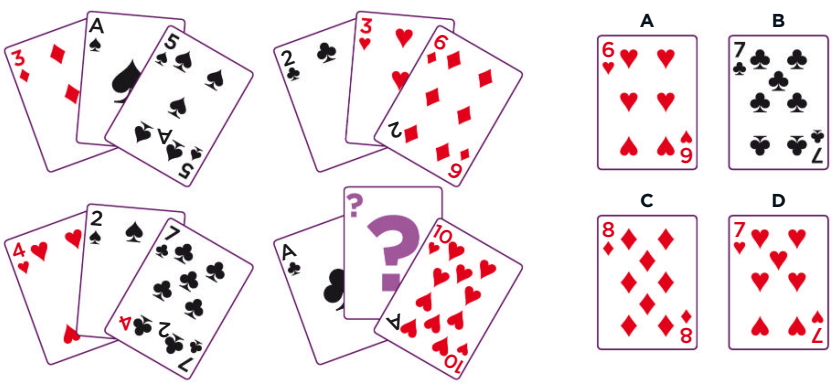
GEMSTONE *(Difficult)*
How many triangles are there in this illustration? Note that a triangle may be made up of smaller segments (including smaller triangles).



DECODER *(Difficult)*
The numbers at the end of each row or column result from adding up the numbers represented by the symbols in that row or column. Knowing this, determine the number value of each symbol. No two symbols will have the same value.



AN EQUAL HAND *(Easy)*
Examine the first three hands, consisting of three cards each. Identify which of the four card options to the right can be added to the remaining hand so that the four hands will create a logical set.



Trivia Quiz

BY MICHELE MELADY

1. Which country is the newest in the world?

2. Triskaidekaphobia is the fear of what?

3. Before ultramarine blue could be synthetically manufactured, which gemstone did painters grind up to create this colour?

4. What was Greece's currency before it adopted the euro?

5. The word "peloton" is associated with which sport?

6. Which popular food flavouring is derived from certain orchids?

7. The first telephone call was made in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell. Who received the call and heard Bell say, "Come here—I want to see you"?

8. Which famous Hollywood actress made arrangements to be late to her own funeral, by having her casket arrive 15 minutes behind schedule?

9. Which artifact, rediscovered in 1799, provided the key to deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphs?

10. Which island nation is home to the lemur?

11. What's the only human disease in history to have been globally eradicated by vaccination?

12. What are the three holiest cities to Muslims?

13. Which novel famously begins, "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife"?



14. The abbreviation "i.e." is short for which two Latin words?

15. In which country was Marxist revolutionary Che Guevara born?

ANSWERS: 1. South Sudan. **2.** The number 13. **3.** Lapis lazuli. **4.** The drachma. **5.** Cycling. It refers to the main group of riders in a road race. **6.** Vanilla. **7.** Bell's assistant, Thomas Watson, who was in the next room. **8.** Elizabeth Taylor. **9.** The Rosetta stone. **10.** Madagascar. **11.** Smallpox. **12.** Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem. **13.** *Pride and Prejudice*. **14.** *Id est*, meaning "that is." **15.** Argentina.

ISTOCKPHOTO

Sudoku

BY MARCEL DANESI

	9	4	2	3			6	8
	5			4	1	2		9
8				9	7	1		
6		8		1	2	4		7
	7	1		8				6
2	4					3	8	1
3			1	5	9		7	
	1			2	8			
5			4	6			1	2

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

2	1	6	3	6	4	7	8	5
3	5	6	8	2	7	6	1	4
4	7	8	6	5	1	2	6	3
1	8	3	6	7	6	5	4	2
6	2	5	4	8	3	1	7	6
7	6	4	2	1	5	8	3	6
5	4	1	7	6	6	3	2	8
6	3	2	1	4	8	6	5	7
8	6	7	5	3	2	4	6	1

Brainteasers: *Answers*

(from page 129)

LETTER SUMS

A=1 B=4 C=8
D=12 E=17 F=5
G=16 H=21 I=18

FINE FIGURES

A  D

F H

GEMSTONE

72

DECODER

● = 2 ■ = 3
★ = 5 ◆ = 10

AN EQUAL HAND

C. In each hand, the number value of the card on the right is the sum of the values of the other two cards, plus one. For example, in the top-left hand, 3 (left card) + 1 (middle card) = 4; then 4 + 1 = 5 (right card).

Word Power

The world is full of art lovers, but mastering the lingo will prove you're no poseur. Be the toast of the next vernissage by dropping a few of these cultivated terms.

BY LINDA BESNER

1. impasto—A: darkened pencil lines. B: passionate scene. C: thick, textured paint.

2. stippling—A: scattering water droplets on a surface. B: shading an area with dots. C: paintbrush tip.

3. viscosity—A: measurement of a work's popularity. B: synthetic resin. C: liquid's resistance to flow.

4. distemper—A: chalky paint bound with animal glue. B: melancholy portrait. C: black patch on a canvas, resulting from mould.

5. *objet trouvé*—A: object with holes. B: recovered artifact. C: ordinary object displayed as art.

6. ersatz—A: carved footstool. B: substitute or imitation. C: red gemstone.

7. *écorché*—A: untrained artist. B: animal or human figure without skin. C: school of painting characterized by the use of red.

8. marbling—A: sculpting with marble. B: covering with marble floor tiles. C: marking with streaks.

9. emboss—A: add a glossy overlay. B: add a gold border. C: make raised patterns.

10. frottage—A: rubbing an impression of a textured surface onto paper. B: adhering crumpled leaves to a canvas. C: cleaning paintbrushes with a rag.

11. maquette—A: platform where a model sits. B: small model of a full-scale work. C: female model.

12. triptych—A: three paintings or panels that make a set. B: mythical beast seen in medieval manuscripts. C: easel with three legs.

13. petroglyphs—A: bubbles in oil paint. B: Russian-style decorative eggs. C: rock carvings.

14. prunt—A: globule of glass. B: mauve colour. C: small portrait for a locket.

15. ferrule—A: metalwork. B: fastener holding a paintbrush together. C: symbol of kingship.

Answers

1. impasto—[C] thick, textured paint; as, Van Gogh created a rich, tactile effect with *impasto*.

2. stippling—[B] shading an area with dots; as, Ayako used *stippling* to suggest shadows under her model's eyes.

3. viscosity—[C] liquid's resistance to flow; as, Adding linseed oil to runny paint will raise its *viscosity*.

4. distemper—[A] chalky paint bound with animal glue; as, *Distemper* has been used to decorate walls since ancient Egyptian times.

5. *objet trouvé*—[C] ordinary object displayed as art; as, Marcel Duchamp turned a urinal into an iconic *objet trouvé*.

6. ersatz—[B] substitute or imitation; as, The art detective quickly recognized the *ersatz* Picasso.

7. *écorché*—[B] animal or human figure without skin; as, Leonardo da Vinci drew human and animal *écorchés* to study musculature.

8. marbling—[C] marking with streaks; as, Venetian artisans often use *marbling* on paper to make it more colourful.

9. emboss—[C] make raised patterns; as, The bank manager carries *embossed* business cards.

10. frottage—[A] rubbing an impression of a textured surface onto paper; as, Max Ernst developed *frottage* to add unexpected patterns to his collages.

11. maquette—[B] small model of a full-scale work; as, The architecture firm displayed a *maquette* of their building design.

12. triptych—[A] three paintings or panels that make a set; as, The church's altar displayed a *triptych* bearing scenes from the life of Christ.

13. petroglyphs—[C] rock carvings; as, Algonquin *petroglyphs* near Peterborough, Ont., date back to about AD 900.

14. prunt—[A] globule of glass; as, The drinking glass was decorated with *prunts* in the shape of raspberries.

15. ferrule—[B] fastener holding a paintbrush together; as, The brush was no longer in good condition, as its *ferrule* had been loosened by water damage.

VOCABULARY RATINGS
7–10: fair
11–12: good
13–15: excellent

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Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

WHEN YOU BEHAVE WELL TOWARD SOMEBODY REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU'RE RECEIVING, YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF. SO BE DECENT TO PEOPLE.

JOSHUA JACKSON



I'm sure I was a constant disappointment to anyone who had any business interest in my career. HAYDEN

You'd be surprised. People give you fewer suits than you would imagine they'd give you when you're on a show called *Suits*. I thought I'd be swimming in suits by now. PATRICK J. ADAMS



WE HAVE A LONG HISTORY OF BEING A HEALTHY PLACE FOR INVESTMENT IN ALBERTA, AND I HAVE NO INTEREST IN CHANGING THAT.

RACHEL NOTLEY

I have a real strong feeling that the ripening we're doing every minute of our lives just continues into some kind of next world that we can no more understand than a baby in the womb can understand this world.

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

I don't know how to do what Ed Sheeran does. There's a new kind of songwriter, and I feel like I'm making antique tables and chairs.

RON SEXSMITH

CINEMA IS MY COUNTRY.

DENIS VILLENEUVE



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